

SPECULATION;

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS. *K*

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P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

OUR bard and I were just about to fight,
When he consented you should set us right.
He says "he's nervous—nought can cool his fever,
" The town won't bear such trivial scenes for ever.
" The times are chang'd—sententious draughts they quaff,
" And all is nonsense now that makes them laugh,
" Morals from Seneca have gain'd the day,
" And poor Joe Miller's jests have died away.
" What then becomes of him, since Joe's no more?
" He never dealt in sentimental lore.
" In modern novels tortur'd virtue's fame,
" Or "from the fame" wrote letters "to the fame."
" Would that he had!—fine words gain approbation;
" But if you laugh not—where's our Speculation?"

My answer was—"Sir Criticize may swear,
" You ought not to be pleas'd, when most you are.
" Say, that's obscure!—he understands not, this —
" But pray—is that the author's fault or his?
" May call that pantomime in which a scene,
" Too much embellish'd by a chair or skreen—
" For ah! how oft when hackney'd logic tires,
" Would Ranger's ladder rouse your latent fires?
" And one broad laugh rais'd by satyric Foote,
" Has done more good than novelist e'er wrote.

The comic muse was born to lash mankind,
Not by false sentiment debauch the mind.
What villain trembles at grave Plato's name?
But Horace' satyr laughs him into shame!
Lecture the proud—will preaching make them humble?
No—but lampoon them and their pride will tumble!

All this I told our bard, but still he sigh'd,
Still urg'd his former doctrines, mine denied—
At length he said that you should settle all,
And by your sentence, he must stand or fall!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANJORE		MR. LEWIS.
ALD. ARABLE		MR. QUICK.
PROJECT		MR. MUNDEN.
JACK ARABLE		MR. FAWCETT.
CAPT. ARABLE		MR. MIDDLETON.
SIR FRED. FAINTLY		MR. CLAREMONT.
VICKERY		MR. FARLEY.
LADY PROJECT		MRS. DAVENPORT.
CECILIA		MISS MANSEL.
EMMELINE		MISS WALLIS.

SCENE LONDON AND THE COUNTRY AROUND IT.

SPECULATION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in PROJECT'S Country House. A Door in Flat.*

CECILIA *discovered trying to unlock the Door.*

CECILIA.

SO, nobody being near, I'll make use of the attendant's key, and for the second time converse with my dear Emmeline. We were yesterday interrupted by Sir Frederick, and I had only time to say a few words to my old friend and school-fellow, but now—how! Sir Frederick again!

Enter Sir FREDERICK FAINTLY.

Cecil. Sir, I beg I may not be thus constantly disturb'd.

Sir Fred. Disturb'd! I would request the same favour, Miss Cecilia, but that nothing on earth ever disturbs me; and indeed nothing ever pleases me—I'm in a perfect state of happy *nonchalance*—I fancy though we're both on the same errand—that door, heh?

Cecil. I told you yesterday, sir, I know nothing about that door.

Sir Fred. Oh, for shame!—what! do you pretend not to know that it leads to that part of the
B house

house where Emmeline is lock'd up? come, come, Miss—you remember I caught you bribing the attendant to lend you the key—(*Cecilia walks about in agitation*) now why be affronted? nothing ever affronts me—no, if you were a man, and chose to say I had caused all Emmeline's sufferings—that I had behaved like a rascal to her—then send me a challenge—then cane—then kick me—why, I shouldn't be affronted—no, I've too much good breeding and good temper.

Cecil. Very likely, sir; but as a visitor at Mr. Project's house here in the country, I pry into no family secrets—if I did, I believe the story of this young lady—

Sir Fred. Ah, poor girl! she and all her large fortune had been mine if she hadn't—you understand—love touch'd her brain.

Cecil. How do you mean, sir?

Sir Fred. Why, that's the cause of her present confinement: to be sure she has lately recovered her senses—indeed is quite restored; but her guardian and physician think her entering too suddenly on the world again might occasion a relapse—therefore she is kept quiet and close in that part of the house—Would you believe it, ma'am, she preferr'd another man to me?

Cecil. Indeed! and who could be so accomplish'd as to out-rival a lover like sir Frederick?

Sir Fred. A cousin of hers, one Captain Arable, whose father, being averse to the match, sent him to Gibraltar, where ever since—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lady Project desires to see you immediately.

Cecil. There now—you need not be mortified—
there's

there's your equivalent : I'm sure her ladyship prefers you to another man, even to her husband.

Sir Fred. She does, so shew me to her. Miss, if you should get a peep at Emmeline, tell her as I'm always in love in the country——

Cecil. In the country ! Why not in London ?

Sir Fred. Oh, that depends on the part of the town I'm in—I constantly adapt myself, and in every street I'm a different man—for instance now : in the Temple I'm a lawyer ; in St. James's street a loungeur ; in St. George's church I'm a married man ; in Doctors' Commons a bachelor ; Guildhall gives me an appetite : the Alley makes me waddle ; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing ; and in Lombard street I've as many plumbs as a banker—So tell Emmeline I still love her and will still be her husband. [Exit.

Cecil. Now then for my charming recluse—
(*Opens a door in flat.*) Emmeline, it is, your friend Cecilia ! [She leads in Emmeline.

Emme. Oh, forgive me, 'tis so long since I have seen a friend.

Cecil. Come, as we were interrupted yesterday, pray sit down and proceed with your story : the little I have heard makes me anxious to hear more—
(*They sit.*)—now, my sweet friend, proceed.

Emme. I will when I am able——First then, did you ever hear the name of Edward Ara——? you see my weakness ; I have not power to proceed.

Cecil. Nay, nay ; unbosom your feelings : pray go on.

Emme. I will, I will—the name of Edward Arable—it is enough to say we lov'd and were divided—My father chose Sir Frederick for my husband, and on the morn of our intended marriage, they falsely told me Edward was no more. What was to

be done? my lover dead! about to be united to his rival! my health long worn by grief and disappointment! Oh my friend! I had not strength to combat against such complicated misery: a fever seiz'd me; my harass'd brain was heated to delirium, and merciful forgetfulness gave me that comfort, my friends and father had denied me!

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! and during your malady your father died.

Emme. He did, bequeathing me his whole fortune in case of recovery, and appointing Mr. Project my guardian. Now mark what follows: two months ago the physician, who had the care of me, proclaim'd my health restor'd, and I came to this house in the full hope of taking possession of my fortune, and sharing it with the man who best deserves it—but what is the reverse? I am confin'd to those rooms; not suffer'd to be seen or spoken to; my letters intercepted and destroy'd, and when I ask the reason for all this, they say, "Your health's precarious, it requires peace and quiet, and if you mix too suddenly with the world the joy may occasion a relapse"—the joy! What joy, my friend? What pleasure can there be in mixing with that world that hitherto has only robbed me of my senses, and thwarted me in my affections?

Cecil. True, Emmeline; and now I see the motive for your guardian's conduct—He is an enterprising man—has involv'd your fortune in his schemes; and at present not being able to give you a fair account, he keeps you close, till by some lucky speculation he is enabled to repay you—but is there no way to extricate you? no means of escaping?

Emme. None; impossible.

Cecil. I have contrived to unlock one door in your room,

room, you see; why can't I get the key of the other?

Emme. Because it leads to a pagoda that adjoins the house, and which has not been opened since my confinement. Oh Cecilia! is it not hard to wake as from a long and frightful dream, and find all true? no cheering friend to dissipate your terrors? nay, even he whose very smiles would clear the clouds around me! he to be absent! he not near to soothe me!

Cecil. He knows not of your recovery—your letters have not reach'd him, else,—hush! somebody's coming! (*Looks out.*) it is your guardian! I cannot leave you so unsatisfied—let me go with you—we'll plan some letters that may recal his sensibility—his heart was once humane; and had he not ruin'd himself by living beyond his income—

Emme. Ah! there's the fountain of all modern evil! when once a man exceeds the limits of his fortune, the barrier of honour as well as prudence is thrown down—money is borrowed never to be repaid—friends are dup'd and become enemies—the gaming table is flown to as a last effort—till imperceptibly, step by step, the mind, originally virtuous, becomes desperate, harden'd, and unprincipled! and for these errors I am doom'd to suffer! but he's here—Oh my father! why was I left to be the sacrifice of another's dissipation and extravagance?

[EMMELINE and CECILIA *exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter PROJECT followed by a Servant.

Project. I tell you, go directly to Portsmouth; take my own carriage and horses, and, when the packet arrives from the East Indies, ask for Mr.

Tanjore, and give him this letter—stop, let me read it once more.—

“ *My dear Cousin,*

“ My house in town is magnificently fitted
 “ up to receive you—to my house in the country
 “ I have added two wings, built in the eastern
 “ style to make it more worthy your acceptance ;
 “ my carriage, horses, and servants are waiting
 “ to conduct you to London ; and I have got a
 “ bride for you, young, beautiful, and rich.”

There, that will please the young Nabob : to be sure it was unlucky my shutting my doors against him before he went to India, but these attentions, and bringing his sister Cecilia to my house, will remove former prejudices, and make it a most successful speculation—there, dispatch.

[*Giving letter to the Servant,*

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Project. Then by marrying him to my ward Emmeline, I shall prevent any overhawling of accounts, and if I keep her close till he arrives—here comes my wife in a rage at my refusing her money this morning—the miserly spendthrifts ! to be saving farthings in the comforts and necessaries of life, and wasting hundreds in luxuries and superfluities,

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project, how dare you refuse me money when I condescend to send for it ?

Project. Because 'tis time to grow prudent, madam. Wait the event of my speculations before you let folly and extravagance again undo us.

Lady Pro.

Lady Pro. Extravagance!—Sir, 'tis your speculations that have undone us—haven't they all fail'd?—didn't the first wise bubble burst into air?

Project. The first, madam!

Lady Pro. Yes: didn't you give two thousand pounds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all originals? call it the Asiatic Asiphuficon, and say you should make a fortune by its exhibition?—very well, sir, and didn't the famous picture that you advertis'd, as "the celebrated champion of England, by Rembrant," turn out to be nothing more than an old sign of St. George and the Dragon, blown down from an alehouse in Leadenhall Market? wasn't the boasted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, daub'd out a week before by a glazier's boy, in Cheap-side?—

Project. No, no Madam. Besides if it was, didn't the speculation on bark make me ample amends? didn't I, by the monopoly of that medicine, dispose of it at my own price?

Lady Pro. No: for the doctors and apothecaries, finding they could get no profit by it, swore bark was unwholesome physic, and nobody took it.—Then didn't you run up so many new houses at Paddington that many of them were built without stair cases; and by the time one part was finish'd, didn't another fall all to pieces?—wasn't—

Project. Zounds! have you done, ma'am?—I say it is your false œconomy that has hurt my fortune: saving trifles and squandering thousands.

Lady Pro. Squandering!—What, sir, do you pretend I don't consult cheapness?

Project. Yes: but how, madam? you will lame my best horses by sending them to a cheap blacksmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a hammercloth—you will quarrel with your maid for

burning two candles instead of one; and the same night lose a thousand pounds at faro—and, answer me fairly, that you might use otto of roses instead of lavender, haven't you sent me to bed supperless for a whole month?

Lady Pro. Well: and what then, sir?

Project. Then you stint the servants in meat and drink, only to dress them with bags and nosebags—and once when you gave one hundred and fifty pounds for a curricule, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impassable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike?—another time when you and your favourite Sir Frederick——

Lady Pro. There he always strikes me dumb—Oh! if I could recriminate! (*aside.*) Well, sir: what of Sir Frederick? I'm sure there's no impropriety in our intimacy: we are never tête à tête—At the theatre, the opera, all public places, my grandmother is always present; and if ever Sir Frederick kiss the tip of my finger, the old lady saw it—

Project. That's impossible: for the old lady's as blind as Cupid.—However, it isn't our interest to quarrel; and if my schemes on the Alderman and the Nabob turn out as I expect, you shall have what money you desire—come, shake hands,—and now walk with me towards Aldgate farm, and I'll explain to you all my plans.

Lady Pro. Aldgate farm! there again! pray, sir, to whom do you owe the power you have over the Alderman? By whose means is that lump of agriculture become an annuity to you?—have not my charms lur'd him?

Project. To be sure: he too has a blindness; and by his own affectation of intrigue, and your flattering his vanity——

Lady Pro. He is become so attach'd to the wife,
that

that the husband may speculate him out of all his property. Well, sir, since you confess the obligation, I'll walk with you, and see how this curious gentleman farmer goes on. Saturday is the day, I think, the rustick comes from London.

Project. It is: and as usual he only comes to paint his outhouses and neglect his land.—The farm is mine, and he thinks I shall give him a long lease; but when I find he has finish'd his improvements, I'll let it over his head.—Oh, Eliza! this is the age for speculation—People love delusion—ay, so much that the more you dupe them, the better they like you, and while a rich citizen shall propose a fair scheme which nobody adopts, a dashing west-end of the town gentleman shall start a visionary one, and, hey! presto!—every body meets him in full cry—This is my plan, and so the Nabob and the gentleman farmer shall find it. [Exeunt.

SCENE—*A view of the Alderman's Farm—Barn with painted doors—Carts, waggons, &c. of different colours—Hay-stack cover'd with an elegant awning—White rails, &c.*

VICKERY *discovered with a basket in his hand.*

Vickery. Here are alterations!—The vulgar clod who kept this farm before my master, said he built every thing for use; he minded the value not the look of a thing:—now I think the Alderman has shewn him the difference.—Here he comes, and I must be off to his dear Lady Project with this basket full of choice garden-stuff, and haunches of Nova Scotia mutton. I wish the Alderman may succeed better as a lover than as a farmer; though
between

between you and I, master Vickery, I believe he knows as much of one as of the other. [Exit.

Enter PROJECT and Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. There, there are improvements!—Welcome to Aldgate farm, my friend.

Project. Thank'ye, Alderman, thank'ye.—Any news in London?

Ald. Ar. That for London,—that for trade! (*snapping his fingers.*) here's the spot to make a fortune in. Look my dear friend: isn't every thing so tasty? so neat? so clean? you see at once this is none of your rough dirty farms: it belongs to a gentleman; not to a farmer.

Project. True: all the outhouses so new, so neat! ay, common farmers never think of these things.

Ald. Ar. No: plodding blockheads! they think of nothing but ploughing, sowing, and reaping: they look to the inside of their barns; I to the out! that pretty team now; (*pointing to one.*) it carries all the ashes and other manure to a neighbouring farmer's, for you must know I'm too cleanly to have any dust or dirt thrown on my land: a little chalk makes it look light and pretty.—Then the piggery! what do you think of the piggery? there! why there it is.

Project. Mercy on me! in high varnish! Why, its very elegant. But pray, Alderman, haven't you found that the pigs spoil the paint?

Ald. Ar. Yes, and that the paint spoils the pigs; so I've got an excellent remedy—I keep none.

Project. That's one way to be sure.—But with regard to the more essential parts of farming,—how goes on your cabbage plantation? your speculation on butter? what have been your profits?

Ald. Ar. Profit! ask my bailiff about that. The fact

fact is, Project, I have had a curst unlucky year: the seasons have been against me: a hot winter—a frosty summer—flies, blights, and grubs, in all the corn—sheep, calves, and horses, all with the staggers—foxes eating up my chickens—cocknies shooting my geese—and as for the speculation you mention, why, the cows eat me forty load of hay, and I only made thirty pounds of butter;—"Debtor for hay one hundred forty five pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence. Per contra, creditor for butter, one pound, seventeen shillings, and ten pence halfpenny farthing!"

Project. Ah! I see it don't answer so well as I expected; but about the plantation?

Ald. Ar. Oh! the cabbages.—Ay: there I've been fortunate.—I tell you what—that plantation and my Nova Scotia sheep will make up for all my losses.

JACK ARABLE. (*without.*)

Father—Where are you father?

Project. Here's your son. I'm told since he left Oxford and went to study under a special pleader, that he's much improv'd.—Why his education must have cost you a great sum of money, Alderman?

Ald. Ar. Thousands, thousands! But he'll repay me.—Hark'ye; he is now a Batchelor of Arts—by and by King's Counsel—hereafter member for the county—then great Orator—the Seals—the Cabinet! Oh! there's no doubt but Jack will make his own fortune and mine too.

Project. How do you mean?—why don't you allow him an income?

Ald. Ar. Not a shilling.—I have given him a most glorious education and that's fortune enough now-a-days.—Now he starts fair, and he's like my field of cabbages;

cabbages; so well cultivated that there's no doubt of a fine crop.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. O father, I've been hunting for you every where. The Novia Scotia Sheep.—pheugh.

[*puffing himself.*]

Ald. Ar. Well, what of the dear animals?

Jack. Why, they have broken into the plantation and are eating up the cabbages as fast as they can—I dare say, I saw them devour one third before I came away.

Ald. Ar. You did! did you?—where's the bailiff?—oh! this is an old manœuvre—the farmers are in a combination against me, and whenever their cattle want food, they send them to breakfast, dine, and sup on my crops—they're not my sheep, so I'll go and pound them—in the mean time, Jack, do you give my friend, Mr. Project, a specimen of your talents. [Exit.]

Jack Ar. My talents!—Lord! they speak for themselves I'm sure—don't they Mr.—

Project. How long is it since you left college, sir?—and pray what was your chief study there?

Jack Ar. Study, heh?—come—that's fair, very fair. Why, my study was to shoot without missing: leap five barr'd gates full speed—get drunk—make love to my laundresses—break lamps with my mathematical instruments, and knock down the proctors with the classics—famous, heh?—oh! I finish'd my education in a most capital style.

Project. So I perceive, sir—but how do you like the Temple, sir?—how does Special Pleading agree with you?

Jack Ar. Special Pleading!—I'm above that—

num:—don't tell father, and I'll let you into a

secret—I've been two years with a Special Pleader and never saw his fat face in all my life—fair, heh!—very fair!—no, no:—I know——

Project. What do you know, sir?

Jack Ar. That Westminster Hall won't do for Jack Arable—the market's over-stock'd—there's such a croud of black cattle, and so few buyers, that one half must be return'd on the owner's hand, at prime cost.—O!—besides, if one did get a brief, the King's-Bench is like other courts, so crouded, that there's no getting a place in it—and there's the case—I must come back to father—and what then?—he won't give me the Spanish.

Project. The Spanish!—now what the devil's that?

Jack Ar. Why, ready money, not credit or paper. When I ask him for a few guineas he reminds me of my education—refers me to Westminster Hall—says I shall be call'd next term and make thousands. Thousands! plague on't!—after being three years a barrister, attending the courts, and going the circuits; I dare say, I shan't fetch the price of my gown and wig!—so you see, Mr. Project, here am I with a finish'd education in the high road to a jail.

Project. No, no—your marriage with Cecilia will prevent that.

Jack Ar. Ay, I shall be glad to have her.

Project. What! you love her, do you?

Jack Ar. No, but I love her fortune; and if I could marry her to-morrow, I'd touch the Spanish, and be off to London directly—to Epsom Races—the grand Cricket Match—zounds!—in making me a Special Pleader, they'd spoil one of the most dashing dogs in Europe.

Re-enter

Re-enter Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. I've secur'd the gormandizers, and there's an end of that business. Well, my friend, how have you found him?—isn't his head like my land?

Project. Exactly—so barren that no cultivation can improve it—(*aside.*) but since you agree to the match with Cecilia, the sooner he pays his addresses the better. What say you? will you go and have the first interview now?

Ald. Ar. With all my heart; her brother is a Nabob, so let's go directly——

Jack Ar. Stop, stop—when we get to Mr. Project's house, you must both of you grant me a favour, you must let me see my brother Edward's friend.

Project. Who is that, sir?

Jack Ar. Why, the lady that's lock'd up—my cousin Emmeline—nay, don't be angry; I only want her to pay me twenty pounds she owes me.

Ald. Ar. My niece Emmeline owe you twenty pounds!—how do you make out that?

Jack Ar. I'll tell you: two years ago I ask'd her to lend me fifty pounds, she had only thirty in her pocket, which she generously gave me—now you know she owes me the odd twenty—fair, very fair, isn't it?

Ald. Ar. Nonsense!—she is under the care of my best friend here, who don't chuse she should be disturb'd in her seclusion: he does every thing that is right with regard to that unhappy girl.

Project. I thank you for your approbation—but come; let's to Cecilia.

Ald. Ar. Ay, come, my boy: odsheart! strike her with your talents at once, and if she asks about a marriage settlement, put your hand to your head;

hit it hard; it won't hurt it, Jack—say, “here it is” here’s the place, like the Alderman’s granary—so full——

Jack Ar. Full, father!——

Ald. Ar. Faith! I forgot—it’s empty. However, don’t despair, for three such lads as we are will make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Mr. Project's House.*

Enter PROJECT, and CECILIA.

Cecilia. I tell you, it's all settled—I've seen young Arable: he propos'd marriage, and I gave him as warm a reception as you could wish. But, Lady Katharine Project, fir; she tires me with her insinuations—she says, I come here to seduce her husband's affections, when you know, Mr. Project, he's the last man on earth I should fix on for a gallant.

Project. Mr. Project's very much oblig'd to you: but the truth is this, Cecilia—she knows I see her partiality for fir Frederick: this makes her all obedience—but if she could once recriminate; only prove I have my gallantries (and I have had them beyond a doubt) why then snap goes the rod I hold over her, and all the money I spent in patching up her reputation——

Cecilia. Money, in patching up reputation!—how do you mean, coz?

Project. Mean! that when certain people lose their character, they spend half their fortune in attempting to retrieve it—keep open house, give public entertainments—suppers, balls, concerts, galas—then every body comes; for if Belzebub himself gave a dinner, there are people who would go to it!—every body comes, I say—eat, drink, dance, and retire; and while the host and hostess fancy they are sounding their praises, egad! they're only cutting up their reputation, and laughing at them more and more for their folly.

Cecilia.

Cecilia. Are they? then I wish lady Project would recriminate, for I'm very fond of balls, concerts and galas; and if you're expos'd, you must give them to patch up your own reputation, you know—so adieu!—oh, I forgot, though—lend me the key of the Pagoda, will you?

Project. The Pagoda!

Cecilia. Ay, there's an eclipse to night, and it will be a charming place to see it from—come give it me—foolish man!—I dare say, now, you're thinking this may lead to some plot about Emmeline; but you forget there are other doors and other keys, Mr. Cerberus, and as I've given the Bridegroom such a warm reception—

Project. Well!—your kindness to young Arable deserves a reward, and as I've no reason to suppose you mean to make a bad use of the key, take it—heh!—here's the gentleman himself! and I declare looking as melancholy as if the honey moon was over—nay—don't leave us.

Cecilia. If I don't, I shall be too late for the eclipse—so good evening—spouse will describe our interview to you—he'll tell you what pretty things I said of him and his father: upon my word they're a charming pair, and though a namesake of mine had long since won my affections; yet, when I saw young Arable—Oh! who can resist a man of his education. [Exit.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Project. Joy! I give you joy, sir,—she has consented!—you'll be brother-in-law to a Nabob, and I, bringing about the match, shall touch a thousand pounds from the Alderman. Come, sit down, my boy, and tell me all about it—(they sit.)—who had the first word? you or Cecilia?

C

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. I had the first: she the last.

Project. Ah! that's one of the sex's privileges; but how did she conclude? with recommending you to go to a parson, and finish the marriage?

Jack Ar. No: she concluded with recommending me to go to school again and finish my education!—Mr. Project, you'll hardly believe it, but she call'd me Master Jacky: laugh'd at my learning; ridicul'd my manners; and when I reminded her that I had been made a scholar, and a gentleman, she said I might as well say one of my father's cows had been made to translate Greek, or dance the minuet de la Cour.

Project. Why, this is a warm reception indeed!—well: what was your answer?

Jack Ar. Says I, ma'am!—ma'am! I'm a Bachelor of Arts, and a Student at Law; I can solve a Problem, draw a Demurrer, and read a Latin Ovid.

Project. A Latin Ovid!—what not a translation?

Jack Ar. No: a real Latin Ovid, says I, ma'am!—that was fair, was'nt it? had her there—famous, heh?

Project. Was ever time and money so wasted on a blockhead's education? (*aside.*)—you should have told her you were shortly to be call'd to the bar; that you were now at a Special Pleader's: if I mistake not, she is a great admirer of the profession.

Jack Ar. No, no: she's not so bad as that either; for when, by way of a joke, I said, that Westminster Hall would be a knowing place to give a masquerade in—"a masquerade!" says she—"there's one there every day in Term time!"—famous, heh? had me there: but here's father just awoke from his after dinner nap—'gad! he shall have his share——

Enter

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Jack Ar. Father, I'm come from my intended wife: she speaks so highly of you.

Ald. Ar. Does she? that makes out my dream then: I dreamt she gave you her hand, because she said your father understood farming better than any man in England. Oh! the dear creature!—how was it?

Jack Ar. She said, that while you were planting shrubberies, building outhouses, and painting the pig sty, your bailiff was cheating you of the small crops your neglected fields produced; that in a month you would spend more money in fattening a single wether, than would supply the Court of Aldermen with turtle and venison for a year; that your garden is as expensive as your farm, for that every Monday morning, when your coach is cram'd with hampers of garden stuff, there isn't a turnip top within them but costs more than all the pine apples in Covent Garden market—that was fair, wasn't it?—very fair.

Ald. Ar. I'll hear no more—it's a libel; and if she wasn't sister to a Nabob—a wether cost me more than venison; and turnip tops more than pine apples! I'll be reveng'd.

Jack Ar. So will I—but how father?

Ald. Ar. How! why by making her your wife, whether she will or no—I'm determin'd to have a pow'r over her; and Mr. Project, I'll give you all my crops in and out of the ground—all my live and dead stock—ay, an additional thousand pounds only to make me father to this Jezabel, and then—leave me to manage her education.

Project. If she won't consent, Alderman, what can I do?

Jack Ar. What! college for that; we classics know a trick or two, and give me an opportunity, and five to four but I make her Mrs. Jack Arable before to-morrow morning. Zounds! I'll carry her off, then touch the Spanish, and away to Epsom and cricket—(*aside*)—come, what say you to the two thousand pounds.

Project. That it's a nice Speculation, and as there can be no harm in getting a girl a good husband, I will give you an opportunity: hark ye, she is now in my garden, in the pagoda; come with me directly, and—— but hold, hold, where will you carry her to?

Jack Ar. To Aldgate farm to be sure, where we've a parson waiting, and where we'll convince her, that we can make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world: come—

Ald. Ar. Ay, away with you; and when she's my daughter, instead of being fashionable and impertinent, she shall be humble and industrious: she shall give up the harpsicord for the spinning wheel; faro and archery for the hen-house and the dairy; and, instead of parading *à la militaire* on a high bred hunter, she shall carry eggs to market on broken-knee'd Dobbin, and be a pattern for all the farmer's wives and daughters in the land! away my boys!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in Project's Country House.—A Door in Flat.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cecil. So, I've trick'd him out of the key, and now for my dear Emmeline (*Opens the door in flat.*)

Enter

Enter EMMELINE.

Emme. Oh my friend ! you come most opportunely—at the very moment when most I needed consolation and support. Look there (*giving a letter*) 'tis my guardian's answer to the letter we plan'd together.

Cecilia reads :

“ You are kept here to recruit your health—
“ your fortune shall be paid you on the day of
“ your marriage—in the mean time don't trouble
“ me any more with unreasonable requests, lest
“ I should imagine you have relaps'd—you understand——”

This is beyond all bearing, I cannot endure such—

Emme. How then can I ? Oh, Cecilia ! when dissipation and ruin deprives the thoughtless profligate of his senses, there is little cause for lamenting a disorder that bereaves him of all memory of his vices ; but when a poor sufferer like myself, whose only error has been virtuous love, who has done no wrong but that of cherishing an honest passion, and that passion for a time deprived her of her reason, what is to be her fate ? is she to be pitied, or thus forever punished ?

Cecil. Don't be unhappy, Emmeline ; I feel for you—pity you sincerely.

Emme. I need it, for if I were as they insinuate, I should not have the sense to feel my sorrows so acutely. My heart has long been breaking, and but for your humanity, the struggle had been past—would it were ! and yet Cecilia—

Cecil. What, my friend ?

Emme. If I could see and bless the lovely cause of all——

Cecil. Be comforted, you shall see him; come, cheer up, for sunshine breaks in upon you, Emmeline; look, this key will secure your escape—ay, 'tis the pagoda key, your guardian gave it me, and in my lodgings in London you may be safely concealed, till Edward comes to punish him and to reward your sufferings.

Emme. Is there a hope then of our meeting? Oh! joy will now distract me, but think what difficulties—

Cecil. None but what we can surmount: the servant who brings a chaise near the garden, will unlock the gate outside; I'll go give him orders directly, and that no time may be lost do you retire instantly into the pagoda (*gives Emmeline the key.*) wait till I come, or you hear the gate unbarred—nay, no more melancholy looks; henceforth you must smile and be cheerful, and some years hence, you, I, and Edward will sit over a winter fire, and laugh at our cunning in outwitting that first of schemers my cousin Project.

Emme. Kind generous girl! I will do all that you desire—till we meet, farewell! how I tremble for the event, yet why? if I'm brought back, they cannot persecute me more, and if I 'scape their snares, the sight of Edward—Oh! the thought revives me! and since my guardian is so bold in guilt, wherefore should innocence be fearful? no, I've a virtuous cause, and I will nobly fall or triumph in the conflict!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.—PROJECT'S Garden: a Pagoda at the Wing—moon-light.

Enter PROJECT and JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. So she was caught in her own snare, heh? Well, this is the place with the foreign name, the pagoda as you call it, pray what put it into your head to build such an out-of-the-way thing?

Project. Speculation, sir, speculation: the house stood on my hands, so by running up a pair of wings after the eastern fashion I thought to catch some thoughtless Nabob, but it wou'dn't do, they were obstinate; however, my rich cousin is coming home—

Jack Ar. And he pays for their obstinacy—fair, that's very fair; but about this Miss Cecilia—she is coming here to see an eclipse you say.

Project. Yes, she has herself given you a fair opportunity, and if you don't carry her to your father's, where a parson and a licence is ready—stop, I think I saw a light, perhaps she's there already (*looks through the key-hole*) she is! I see her petticoat.

Jack Ar. Do you? that's famous—an eclipse, heh? gad! she shall see a constellation. Go, squire, go, tell the alderman to look out for me and my wife—

Project. No, I must go and look out for my own wife, for if she finds me and Cecilia out of the house at this time of night, she'll talk of recrimination for ever; so success to you, and remember, she's an angel, my young lawyer.

Jack Ar. Why, as I'm a lawyer I'd better forget it, for we and angels don't exactly suit each other. You manage your wife, I'll take care of mine. (PRO-

JECT *exit.*) now for it—now to coax her into the garden—(*opens the door of the pagoda*)—Ma'am ! hadn't you better come out, ma'am ? don't be frighten'd, there's nobody here but me—she's coming by all that's tender, classical, and famous !

Enter EMMELINE from the pagoda.

Emme. This is my friend's servant, I suppose, with the carriage—where can she be herself ? she promised to follow me instantly ; however I'll ask him—Heavens ! what do I see ? my cousin Arab ! then I'm deceived, and am undone for ever.

Jack Ar. (not knowing her.) Yes, it's master Jacky ! he's not gone to school you see ; however, I'll first secure the gate, that nobody may come from the house and disturb us—(*he bars the gate of the pagoda*)—come, Miss Cecilia, come to Aldgate-farm, and teach the cows to translate Greek and dance minuets. What, fulkey, heh ? let's look in your face—how ! why, it is not you, is it ? no, egad ! 'tis cousin Emmeline.

Emme. Yes, that Emmeline who was once your friend and favourite, who being deserted by her family, and persecuted by her guardian, meant to escape from confinement, but she is disappointed ; you have discovered my intentions, sir, and I confess myself completely in your power.

Jack Ar. What ! it's a trick, is it ?—you stole out instead of the other,—come, that's fair, very fair. Well ! and how d'ye do, coz ? do you know I've finished my education since I saw you—I have famously, but you've been very ill, Emmeline ? however, we won't talk about that, you're recover'd, and I'm glad on't with all my heart ! yet, you used me most unkindly, coz.

Emme.

Emme. It seems I have used every body so, else I think I should not have been so hardly treated. I have been amply punished, sir.

Jack Ar. You have, you have, Emmeline; but you should have kept your promise about the Spanish—I always kept my word with you, and once you know when we were boys and girls and you and my brother Edward quarrelled about your little tame fawn, did not you cry and ask me to make it up between you! and didn't I bid him kiss the fawn and kiss you, and ever after wasn't he so fond of you——

Emme. Let me beseech you, sir, name not your brother: lead not my mind to thoughts, that, whilst they charm, distract me. I'm sorry I forgot my promise, but you should remember, I also forgot myself;—remind me, and perhaps——

Jack Ar. I've a great mind—I will!—why the fact is, Emmeline, you offer'd to lend me fifty pounds, and you only gave me thirty: now you know you owe me the odd twenty.---I'm the last person on earth to dun people for money, but really when it has been owing so long, upon my soul I beg your pardon, but the Alderman cuts so close: he has educated me so like a gentleman, and keeps me so like a beggar, that here I am with a head full of the notions of life and dissipation, and a pocket as empty as Oxford in the vacation.

Emme. I regret that my guardian has not left me the means of fulfilling my promise, but when I see my friend Cecilia, I've no doubt but she'll procure what you desire.—And now, sir, let me know my fate: am I to go back to my prison?

Jack Ar. Go to prison! what! when we've Spanish to keep us out of it? no, that's not fair.—We'll go to London, to Epsom, to the grand match; or if, as is most likely, you prefer Miss Cecilia's

lia's company to mine, I'll call her to take care of you; for if I leave you till you're safe out of your guardian's clutches, may I lose the long odds, and be flogg'd round the race-course like a blacklegs.

Emme. Now, indeed, you are the brother of my Edward:—then call Cecilia: I dare say by this time she is arriv'd in the pagoda; and yonder is a carriage waiting to conduct us to London: there I shall remain till your brother arrives, and then make an appeal to the laws of my country.

Jack Ar. Never, never go to law: leave the whole business to arbitration, for if you don't at first, the lawyers, after emptying your pockets, will only do it at last.—However, I'll unbar the gate, (*goes to pagoda.*) gad! this is famous!—how Project and the Alderman will be bother'd?—Zounds! what do I see?—your guardian!—(*runs to EMMELINE.*) don't, don't agitate yourself: pull down your veil and I'll—

EMMELINE pulls down her veil, and PROJECT enters.

Project. As I thought.—My wife suspects an assignation between me and Cecilia, and is now coming to detect me. Mr. Arable: a word if you please. (*JACK leaves EMMELINE, and comes to PROJECT.*) If you don't get her off,—and, I see how it is?—you can't persuade her—

Jack Ar. Can't I? um? ecce signum, as we great scholars say. (*goes to EMMELINE.*) Come, Miss, will you go with Master Jacky, and be made daughter-in-law to an Alderman? (*EMMELINE gives him her hand and nods assent.*) there! haven't I a rare granary? Why, I'll back my head at a scheme against yours, Little Project.

Project. No, you mustn't do that; for this lucky scheme was all my planning, you know.

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. So it was; and you shall have the full credit of it, my boy!—The chaise will take us to the nearest inn, and I'll return for Cecilia. (*aside to EMMELINE.*) Bid her good by; give her your sanction. (*PROJECT bows and kisses his hand.*) There; now you do as he orders you.—You see, squire, you see,—this is both famous and fair, isn't it?

[*Exit, handing off EMMELINE.*

Project. It is! it is! (*looks out.*) He hands her into the carriage! the postilion shuts the door!—mounts his horses!—away they go!—Huzza! Huzza!

Enter Alderman ARABLE, running against him.

Ald. Ar. Huzza! huzza! he has her! he has her!—Joy! I give you joy, my friend.

Project. This is reaping the harvest, farmer.

Ald. Ar. Ay; we're in clover now!—But Project, I met that good and sweet woman your wife, in such a jealous rage—

Project. That's a better joke than t'other.—She thinks to detect me in an assignation with Cecilia; but the bird is flown, you see.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project; where have you conceal'd Cecilia?—Mr. Arable, he brings this young lady to my house,—entertains her in the most expensive style,—gives her the most extravagant suppers, and having decoy'd her into an assignation, he now comes here to carry her off.

Ald. Ar. That's impossible, your ladyship, because Jack has carried her off already.—She is by this time as safe at Aldgate farm, as Emmeline is in your house, and I dare say they and the parson
are

are setting down to a haunch of my Novia Scotia mutton.—Do you know, my lady, I always kill my own mutton and milk my own cows?

Lady Pro. At Aldgate farm indeed!—more likely she's in that Pagoda.—Ar'n't I right, my life?

Project. You are, my foul.—Hark'ye,—did Sir Frederick teach you this?

Lady Pro. There now! I'm always to be choak'd at the moment of recrimination! I believe Cecilia's innocent, but to know my husband's fallhood, and never be able to prove it.—I can't bear his triumph—I (*taking out her handkerchief*) am the most unhappy, ill-treated wife. (*Crying.*)

CECILIA taps at the door with inside the Pagoda.

Ald. Ar. What the devil's that?

Project. What, indeed!—hush!

Cecilia. (within.) Why don't you open the door? 'tis I! 'tis Cecilia!

Lady Pro. Oh! it is, is it?—then come out and—(*Opens the door of the pagoda, and leads out CECILIA.*) I say Mr. Alderman, they're setting down to a haunch of Novia Scotia mutton, are they?

Ald. Ar. Project, this is reaping the harvest indeed.

Project. Ay: we're in clover now with a vengeance. Cecilia, what does this mean?

Cecil. Why as all concealment will now be useless, I may venture to inform you that by some accident Emmeline has escap'd, I find; and I came here in search of her, and not to meet your husband ma'am, upon my honour.

Project. Emmeline escap'd!—that was her then that the well-educated blockhead handed off, saying,
“you

"you see! this is both famous and fair!" 'Sdeath! I've out-schem'd myself.—I'll pursue her instantly. Alderman, will you go with me?

Ald. Ar. Ay; that I will; my son, Captain Edward, is arriv'd, and if he and Emmeline should meet,—I tell you what,—as Jack has made two fools of us, I'll persuade the East Indian to let Edward marry his sister Cecilia. Come along. Odsheart! I won't wait to order my carriage or have garden stuff—(*Cecilia laughs.*) now there again! I only wish I had you, at the farm.—I'd——

Project. Come; I know what you're going to say.

Ald. Ar. Do you? then you know more than I do myself; for plague on the girls, they'll drive me out of my senses!

[*Exit with PROJECT.*]

Lady. Pro. My dear Cecilia, I never doubted your innocence.—Come; let's go and prepare for London. I long to see your brother the young Nabob. I dare say, he'll bring over the most charming presents.

Cecil. Very likely: but my mind is all on Emmeline. Poor Girl! May she escape the persecution of her enemies, and be rewarded as her virtue and her sufferings deserve!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

SPECULATION.

A C T III.

*An elegant Apartment at PROJECT's House, in
London.*

Enter PROJECT, and SIR FREDERICK.

Project. Not find her! Emmeline not to be found! tell me, sir Frederick, have you been at young Arable's chambers?

Sir Fred. I have—and he is out of town, at Epfom: positively, I can hear nothing of Emmeline—but what then? fretting won't find her; and if it did, I dare say you'd find something else to fret you—I'm her lover, and you see I'm not uneasy.

Project. No: you hav'nt the reason I have—she may fall into the hands of some enemy, who may say, I have entangled her fortune; confin'd her after her health was restor'd; and at last convince her uncle, the alderman, that I have wrong'd her—then her friend, captain Arable, is in town, you say.

Sir Fred. Yes, he arriv'd last night from Gibraltar—receiving a letter that inform'd him of Emmeline's recovery; he quitted the regiment at the risk of offending his father—leave me to manage him: let me see—(*looking at his watch.*) I am now going to meet him.

Project. Are you? then tell him of her escape: the necessity of restoring her to my power—hint at a relapse, and persuade him to join in searching for her: I would go with you; but I'm waiting here to receive my cousin Tanjore.

Flourish

Flourish of clarinets without.

Project. That's him! that's the young Nabob—I order'd the band to strike up as he pass'd through the hall; and as he's been accustom'd to be surrounded with slaves, I've hir'd those Blacks and other attendants to give him a sort of pompous entrée.

Sir Fred. Ay, there's the East Indian: I wonder whether Mr. Tanjore's as easy and familiar as ever: I remember when he had neither cash nor credit, he used to call the greatest men by their Christian names; and though he hadn't a coat to his own back, he was always remarking on the dress of other people.

Project. Ah! he was no Nabob then: now I fear he's as haughty and reserv'd as he was before free and familiar: good day, sir Frederick: I shall rely on your making captain Arable my friend. (*Sir Frederick exit.*) now for it: now for my best scheme! to be sure, my tricking him and turning my back on him before he went to Madras, was rather unlucky; but his coming to my house, proves he don't think the worse of me—no, no: I have him: and when I've fairly strip'd him; I'll send him to India again, there to make another fortune, for the benefit of me and my Speculations!

Another Flourish.—Enter Blacks with Music, servants in superb liveries preceding Tanjore and Cecilia,—other attendants following.

Tan. Billy, your hand—where's Betsy? well: here we are you see: hot from Madras: warm as Lucifer—rich as Cræsus, my boy!

Project.

Project. 'Tis as I thought! (*aside.*) I hope you found my carriages and horses all ready: I should have been miserable if you hadn't condescended to make use of them.

Tan. Should you? then be happy, coz; for I'll make use of them for ever: the carriages and horses are mine, Billy.

Project. They are, you do me great honour in accepting them!—he has forgot our old quarrel—and I shall finger every farthing!—(*aside.*) Well: but about India, cousin—you made your fortune very rapidly.

Tan. Yes: the princess Nundomoree took a fancy to my person and dress—introduc'd me to the Nabob of Begumboree: he to the Rajah of Seringapatoree; and so amongst them you see—but, Billy, what makes you so civil? before I sail'd, you wouldn't pay the fare of a hackney coach for me, and now you give me all your carriages and horses: well, well: I take it very kind of you; and so hark'ye—a few westerly winds will bring round the homeward bound fleet, and then hire all the strongest waggons you can get: bullion! pearls! diamonds!—oh, damme, coz, this house shall never hold them.

Project. I hope this house will hold them though: oh! for a westerly wind!—in return, my dear friend, the wife I design for you has five thousand a year—to be sure it's very little; but—

Tan. A little's better than nothing, you know; and if I like her person and manners, why, five thousand a year will be very pretty pin money: but what's here, Billy?—(*looking at his coat,*) is this a dress for a cousin of a Nabob?

Project. What! at the old work?—psha! what signifies dress?

Tan.

Tan. Every thing, now-a-days—a good coat is tantamount to a good character; and if the World be a Stage, it's as necessary to dress as to act your part well: then consider the effect—why, when I landed from the Packet in my old blue coat, shabby red waistcoat, and decay'd kerseymeres, I cut through the alleys, and was push'd and smok'd by every apprentice and shopkeeper I met: but, the moment I put on these smart cloathes that you sent, I swagger'd through the most public streets—jostled all the men of fashion—cock'd my eye at all the lords, and receiv'd the homage and bows of the very shopkeepers and apprentices that had before sneer'd at me. Oh! in this age of false appearances, there's nothing like a shewy outside; and a taylor is a man of more consequence than you imagine.

Project. Well, but after the fatigue of travelling, don't you want some refreshment: pray do here as if you were at home.

Tan. That I do every where: I never stood on ceremony in my life; but as to refreshment, that depends on our hostess, who, if I recollect, is rather close—short commons—heh, Billy?

Project. Worse and worse: she has almost starv'd me since you went: you haven't yet seen her though: John, call Lady Project.

Tan. No, no: call her yourself: in India, I was always waited upon by the master of the house, and therefore, go, Billy—go—besides, I wish to speak to my sister: stop, though—I shall want some ready money.

Project. What the Spanish?

Tan. Oh, nothing else—go, send your wife, and pray——

Project. For a westerly wind! you shall have
D what

what money you require ; so—here's Speculation !—
Oh ! for a westerly wind !

[*Exit. The servants follow him.*]

Cecilia. My dear brother, let me once more congratulate you : why, who'd have thought of your coming home so rich ?

Tan. Ah ! who indeed ?—you didn't expect it : did you, Cecily ?

Cecilia. No ; I expected you'd return as you went. I thought you'd come and say, “ here's a Nabob without a shilling, Cecily ! ”

Tan. Did you ? then you thought exactly right, for “ here's a Nabob without a shilling, Cecily ! ”

Cecilia. Nonsense !—Mr. Project says, you have brought over money enough to buy him new houses :
new——

Tan. Not enough to buy him a new coat.

Cecilia. Nay, now you're joking : I know you must be rich, by the style you kept up in India : you liv'd in a palace, my dear brother.

Tan. I liv'd in a jail, my dear sister.

Cecilia. Come, come ; havn't I heard that your furniture was emboss'd with gold ? that your dinners were more expensive than the governor's.

Tan. My furniture was the bare walls, and my dinner bread and water ; the fact is, a man may starve in India, as well as in England ; and, instead of finding gold like dirt, or diamonds like pebbles, I found a sort of gentleman that must be attended to in all countries : I mean a bailiff ! 'tis true, they didn't visit me on my arrival ; but, in the course of a twelvemonth, they whip'd me into one of their hospitable mansions, and there I should have been at this moment, had not the captain of the Packet assisted me in my escape, and landed me generously in old England ! I say generously, for curse me, if I am Nabob enough to pay for my passage.

Cecilia. Amazing! if Mr. Project knew this, he wouldn't be so friendly—

Tan. He friendly! no: when he and the club had schem'd me out of all the money I had left; they shut their doors against me, while Sir Charles Stanley—I shall never forget his liberality! befriended me, and sent me to India: I guess how the mistake has happened—there is a man of my name, at Madras: an old lover of yours.

Cecilia. Mr. Henry Tanjore—my friend as well as lover.

Tan. Well: he's now as rich as I'm poor; is coming home in the next ships; and scheming Billy, with his usual perspicuity, takes me for him, and determines to make the most of me; and he shall make the most of me: there's no favour he can offer, but I'll have the condescension to accept: and to begin, I'll marry this five thousand pound lady.

Cecilia. Don't—don't think of her: there are a thousand reasons against it.

Tan. Ay; but there are five thousand for it: no more bare walls, and bread and water.

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! then I must conceal from him where she is? [aside.

Tan. See! our hostess, lady Stingy! To poor Tanjore she has often refused a dinner, but to the rich Nabob, I suppose—mum! mark how I'll—

Enter Lady PROJECT.

Lady Pro. Joy! joy on your success, my ever dear cousin.

Tan. Thanks, thanks, my ever dear Kitty.

Lady Pro. Kitty! familiar as ever I see—Well coz! ar'n't you glad to set foot in Old England again? once more to see London and the fashions?

Tan. Why, as to the fashions, coz, they fly so fast one can't be quick enough to catch them—nothing lasts above a day. Before I went to India the whole town was running after the Goddess of Health; she died, I'm told, and the learned Pig came to life; he went the grand tour, and the balloon came into power; that bubble burst, and boxing bore down all before it: then came the varieties of dress, such as short skirts, short hair, short sticks, and short great coats! in short, if the world didn't turn round of its own accord, people of fashion would make it, for the moon, whose votaries they are, isn't half so fickle or so changeable!

Lady Pro. Very true; then don't you observe the alterations in buildings? my husband and other speculatists, have built so many new streets, and London is so absolutely gone into the country, that a citizen coming to a rout at Marybone, must be at the expence of changing horses, and paying turn-pikes!—but, I understand, you want some little refreshment.

Tan. Little refreshment! now mind Cecily.—Yes, any thing will do, some turtle and venison, a great deal of game, a quantity of pine apples, and plenty of burgundy and champagne. Then about my bed; at the Rajah of Seringapatoree's I always slept under a canopy empanelled with looking-glass, and covered with gold and silver tissue—didn't I, Cecily? you'll get such a bed Kitty. So now for dinner.

Lady Pro. Turtle, venison, canopies, and gold and silver tissue! Mr. Tanjore, you don't intend to live here in the same style you did in India.

Tan. No, that I don't. I hope neither my furniture nor my dinners will be the same, heh, Cecily? then my wedding-day, coz; I shall celebrate my nuptials

nuptials at your house, and we'll have such a ball and supper ! between ourselves, it shan't be overcrowded though ; I'll only ask about three hundred people.

Lady Pro. Three hundred people ! Sir, I must tell you, no fortune can support this extravagance, and if you give us every farthing you've brought over—

Tan. Why, I shall, every farthing is your's upon my honour ; and by way of specimen to-morrow I'll send you a large chest of shawls, pearls, china, chintzes—

Lady Pro. Will you ? Can you be so obliging ? Oh ! I doat on pearls and shawls, and then for china and chintzes—my dear, dear cousin, come to dinner, and order whatever you like.

Tan. (*aside to CECILIA.*) There now ! and I haven't brought over a rag or an empty trunk ; however Kitty shall have the presents. There are Indian goods in England, and I'll buy them with Billy's own money. Come, sister ! come, hostess !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Lincoln's Inn.*

Enter Captain ARABLE and Sir FREDERICK,

Sir Fred. Nay, but reflect, Captain Arable, reflect.

Capt. Ar. I do reflect, and there's my cause for grief. Have I not quitted my regiment and offended my father ? is he not now in search of me, to send me abroad again ? and when I expected to meet Emmeline in happiness and health, do you

not tell me that her malady has returned, that she has escaped from her guardian, and is not to be found?

Sir Fred. I do, but I hope you don't blame me or Mr. Project.

Capt. Ar. No, far from it; I believe he has been more a parent than a guardian to her, and you have sunk the name of rival in that of friend—but my brother to aid in her escape, and now not to be heard of! What is to be done? I dare not meet my father, and if I leave England till I see Emmeline restored to her asylum I shall well merit the anguish that awaits me.

Sir Fred. Psha! you're talking about anguish too—now nothing gives me pain, and why? because I'm so cool and placid, that not even death—death! no, that pain must be over, for hang me, if I think I've been alive these last ten years—but, where are we to find her, Captain?

Capt. Ar. Ah! where indeed? poor Emmeline! without friends, without assistance, and with the loss of that fine sense which now might best support thee, where? where art thou wandering? let us be gone—let us search every where—

Enter TANJORE.

Tan. My cousin to say he has a wife for me, and then not tell me her name or residence! however, I've found out she's at Cecily's lodgings, and so while dinner's getting ready—

Sir Fred. Mr. Tanjore I am happy to see you—what! don't you know me? have you forgot Sir Frederick Faintly, a member of Bubble's club?

Tan. Sir Frederick! my old acquaintance! how d'ye

d'ye do, Fred? how are you Fred? never saw Fred. before in all my life. [aside.]

Sir Fred. This is a particular friend of mine, Mr. Edward Arable.

Tan. Psha! hang ceremony; Ned, your hand Ned—by the bye, Fred. is your friend a riding master?

Sir Fred. Why?

Tan. Cock'd hat and boots! curst vulgar—you too! never wear a cravat with a full dress'd coat, its like a tooth-drawer. Well! what's the news, my boys?

Sir Fred. I know of none, but that you were last night re-elected a member of Bubble's.

Tan. Was I? only observe Ned—my cousin Billy brought me into this club, and when they had fleec'd me of all my cash, they kick'd me out as a pigeon quite bare—now I return from India with my feathers fresh moulted, they re-elect me, in the hopes of having another pluck—Ay, it's the way at all your fashionable gaming-houses. "Mr. President, who is the new member proposed?" "A great fool, but very rich!" pop, in goes a white ball.—"Who is the next, Mr. President?" "A great genius, but very poor!" "Here waiter! drop in a black ball."—Your servant though—I can't stay, I must go take a peep at my wife.

Sir Fred. Your wife!

Tan. Yes, gad! it's a most curious business; my cousin says I'm to be married to a lady with five thousand a year, but he either won't or can't tell me who or where she is! however, I overlooked a letter my sister was just now writing, and I suspect spouse is conceal'd in her lodgings—mum! shan't I delight and astonish her! in India I was such a favourite with the women, that one day six prin-

cesses came to prison to see me——Prison did I say? Oh, ay, that was when I fought against Tippoo, had six horses shot under me, and was at last taken prisoner by——

Capt. Ar. Pray, sir, what is this lady's name?

Tan. Emmeline is her christian name, as to surnames, I never knew but two in my life. Sir Charles Stanmore, and your humble servant Tom Tanjore, two as fine fellows as ever handled rupees and pagodas. Fare-you-well. I shall marry this Emmeline to-morrow.

Capt. Ar. You marry Emmeline, sir?

Tan. Yes, I Ned! and what's more, I invite you to our wedding-dinner, and you also, Fred. and all your friends, and your friend's friends!——Lady Project desired me to ask the whole town, and I'll take care the nuptials shall be celebrated in the true eastern style of magnificence; here's my card, and if you wish to be asked again, come well dress'd; nothing like a good coat, and so farewell, Fred. and Ned! [Exit.]

Capt. Ar. It must be her; let's follow him directly.

Sir Fred. Stay, suppose you should meet the Alderman there, and I know he has business with this Mr. Tanjore.

Capt. Ar. Why then, and not till then, let's think what's to be done? come, lose not a moment——in his sister's lodgings, and he about to marry her! 'tis dark, mysterious! mark me, Sir Frederick. I'd traverse half the world to thank the man that has befriended Emmeline! but if I find she has been wrong'd, if there should live a villain that has added to her sorrows, I pledge my honour to avenge her cause——my life or his must answer the event.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE—CECILIA'S *Lodgings*.

Enter TANJORE and ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Tan. Walk in, Sir, walk in ; your christian name is Obadiah, you say, and your business is concerning a marriage between your son and my sister—did I never see you before ?

Ald. Ar. Only once : if you remember, sir, it was in Mr. Project's park, when the dear Lady Project had fainted away and you caught her in your arms. I'm not censorious, Mr. Tanjore, but if her grandmother hadn't come up at the instant—

Tan. You'd have been jealous, heh ? Well ! but about your son—

Ald. Ar. Why, sir ; I wish your sister to become the wife of my son, Captain Arable ; the reprobate has quitted his regiment to pursue an unhappy young lady, that I'm determined he shall never be united to. Now, sir, by the recommendation of that worthy man, Mr. Project—

Tanjore. Pray Obadiah, where did you get that curious waistcoat ?—positively, it's only fit for an alderman.

Ald. Ar. Then it's fit for me Mr. Tanjore ; for I am an alderman.—Ay, and a farmer too, and if I could find my son, and Cecilia would consent, we'd whisk down to Aldgate farm to night : tack them together to-morrow, and in the course of a month, you can get them out to India, and there you know they're snug and comfortable for life. To a man of your interest, I suppose eight thousand a year will be——

Tanjore. Nothing—a mere trifle.

Ald. Ar. So I thought.—Oh ! when the captain gets

gets to Madras, I only wish he may be provided for as you were Mr. Tanjore.

Tanjore. Provided for as I was! that's what I wish myself: for curse me if I know or care about you or the captain. (*half aside.*) Yonder's Emmeline I fancy.—I must get rid of this rustic.—Good bye Obadiah; go look for the captain, and if you find him, bring him to my wedding dinner. Lady Project keeps open house while I stay; so bring all your city and rural friends—carters and common-councilmen——

Ald. Ar. Sir, you delight me, and Aldgate farm and all its produce is at your service. Are you fond of Novia Scotia mutton, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Captain Arable below.

Ald. Ar. Oh! there is, is there? now then I'll go and detain him till we meet at the charming Lady Project's. Show me to him, firrah. Once more I thank you, Mr. Tanjore, and if you think eight thousand a year too much, you may reduce it to half; that is, to the exact profits I clear, or mean to clear, by Aldgate farm! [*Exit.*]

Tanjore. Good day, Obadiah. Now this it is to be a Nabob! I'm as much sought after here as in India, and exactly from the same motive—friends want money here, and the bailiffs there. Here she is! An angel, by the Ganges! I'll marry her before I leave the house.—Soft; what letter is she reading?—no doubt, the one my sister wrote to her.—I'll observe. [*stands back.*]

Enter

Enter EMMELINE with a letter in her hand.

Emme. What has my escape avail'd me? this letter renews my sufferings with tenfold force.—Married! to whom? *[Reads.*

“ My brother Tanjore agrees to your guardian’s proposals, and determines to marry you: I must regret this, while I know there is one who so much better deserves you.”

Tanjore. (behind.) Indeed!—He must be a very clever fellow, then.

Emme. (reading.) “ I have conceal’d from Tanjore your present residence, yet I think if he knew that you had escap’d from your guardian, because he made a prisoner of you, and embarrass’d your fortune”——

What then?—he is weak enough to think him honest.

Tanjore. (behind.) No; he’s not such a fool as that either.

Emme. (reading.) “ If he knew that Edward Arable has won your heart—that your uncle the Alderman deserts you—that a marriage under these circumstances will be death to you and misery to him;”——

Tanjore. (behind.) Misery indeed!—this is more like a funeral than a wedding.

Emme. (reading.) “ And lastly, if you were to inform him, that your father, Sir Charles Stanley was the man who befriended him in the hour of misfortune, I think he is not so void of gratitude and humanity, but he would assist rather than distress you.”

Tanjore. (coming forward.) That he would—well said, sister; you have done your part, now let your brother do his.—Ma’am, my name is Tanjore:
your

your father got me out to India, when I hadn't a house to pop my head in; and though the habitation I pop'd my head into there wasn't altogether so comfortable, that was no fault of Sir Charles's.—He was my benefactor—I am your friend.

Emme. Is it possible? Will you not force me to accept your hand?

Tanjore. Accept my hand! I'll cut it off first. I wouldn't marry you for all the bullion in Bengal! Not but what I could love you Emmeline; and but for Ned—ah, but for Ned! we might have been a very happy, handsome couple!

Emme. Can this be the man I was taught to expect? Can this be the haughty East Indian, whose riches——

Tanjore. Riches! that's your guardian's story: he insists upon it, I've brought home millions, and as he must know better than I do, it would be rude to contradict him, you know—but enough of myself,—Tell me how I can serve you? My poverty shall not prevent me going instantly to this speculatist and commanding him to do you justice. Zounds! I wish I had him in Calcutta: I'd march an army against him, as black as his own heart—cram him into the hot hole and smother him, if he didn't give you your fortune, and the man that deserves you!

Emme. Sir, I insist you run no hazard on my account. I have form'd a determination which I shall now execute: it is, to go instantly and make one more appeal to my uncle—to Alderman Arable——

Tanjore. What Obadiah! he was here just now and seems so fond of your guardian——

Emme. I know it; he has the highest opinion of his honour and veracity; but as the Alderman is the nearest relation I have left, he is the most proper person

person to protect me; and therefore I shall make this last effort to undeceive him. Yonder is your sister, I see: she will conduct me.

Tanjore. Allow me to attend you—heigho!—I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel such new emotions, and there's such a warm glow about my heart, that, gad! it fancies itself in India. Can you tell me what it means, ma'am?

Emme. Indeed, I cannot, sir; but very likely it results from the satisfaction of having done a generous action, and the emotion is new, because like too many others, you have perhaps sacrific'd your time and happiness at the shrine of fashion.

Tanjore. That's it ma'am—you have hit it exactly—Oh! what I have suffer'd by keeping up the appearance of a fine gentleman!—Horses I never rode—carriages I never saw—Houses I never enter'd—frequenting clubs, routs, operas, and in short doing every thing I dislik'd, because I was told, it was what I ought to like:—but now I've done with it—henceforth I'll live to please myself; and while I don't suffer in my own opinion, what need I care for that of other people. Come, sweet Emmeline; you shall be happy still.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV.

An Apartment in the Alderman's House.

Enter PROJECT and CAPTAIN ARABLE.

Capt. Ar. Yes, sir, I am most happy in the opportunity of thanking you for the care you have taken of this unfortunate girl—her escape proves she has relaps'd.

Project. It does: for had she been herself, she would have scorn'd to elope from the care of her guardian—you say she has left Cecilia's lodgings.

Capt. Ar. Not an hour ago she and Cecilia went away together, but where I know not.—

Project. Well—well—I'll go send the young Nabob after them, and I'll likewise consult with her old physician about the best mode of securing her for the future—good day Captain, and remember, whoever first discovers her, gives information to the other.

Capt. Ar. Agreed.

Project. Oh! I forgot—if you should see her first, don't let your wishes get the better of your judgement—she may perhaps have a lucid interval, and talk with apparent rationality—but be on your guard—be convinc'd she has relaps'd, and don't leave her till you see her safe in my custody.

Capt. Ar. Rest assur'd I shall do every thing her unhappy situation demands—good evening—(*exit Project.*)—Oh my lost Emmeline!—three tedious years are past since last I saw thee, and in that time we've both endur'd so much, that I did hope our meeting

meeting might be happy—but 'tis denied—if we should meet—'tis but to divide with added grief—well, I'm prepar'd—let me restore the hapless wanderer to her friends, and then once more abroad—in the heat of war, I may forget the treasure I have lost; or in a glorious death, bury at once my love and misery!— (*sits down in great agitation.*)

Enter EMMELINE and VICKERY.

Vickery. The Alderman is in the next room ma'am.

Emme. Then tell him that a relation who was once dear to him requests an interview. (*exit Vickery.* Is every moment to bring new affliction?—but now I heard, that he who charm'd my heart, and stole away my senses—that he was coming home to wed Cecilia—can falsehood be so—I'll not suspect him—in this very room Edward first proffer'd me his love, and no tongue but Edward's shall make me think him faithless.

Capt. Ar. (*having observed her, rises.*) Sure I'm not mistaken—it is herself!—Emmeline!

Emme. I am discover'd—who can it be?—perhaps some agent of my Guardian's sent to secure me— (*as she is going he stands before her.*)

Capt. Ar. What avoid me Emmeline!—have you forgot—

Emme. Edward! my long lost only friend!— (*puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)—pardon me—my prospects have so long been darken'd, that the least flash of light quite blinds me.

Capt. Ar. You must not weep—I came not to encrease your sorrow.

Emme. What I have suffer'd since we parted last—a heated brain—painful confinement—merciless

cilefs keepers—and if an interval of reason came, to bring your form before me, and then remember that our love was hopeless—Oh! but now I've found you, and we'll ne'er part again—(*Edward turns away from her.*)—why that averted look?—why those tears?—speak!—you are not chang'd!—I have not forfeited your love?

Capt. Ar. No—it is not that, but I could wish—

Emme. Name it and I will fly——

Capt. Ar. That during these lucid moments, I could persuade you to accompany me to your Guardian's—to return to an asylum form'd to relieve, to succour and restore you.

Emme. What! does he conspire against me?—he that has caus'd all this?—sir, I was told the motive for this conduct, but I disdain'd suspicion!—nay—ask not an explanation—I shall not condescend to answer you.

Capt. Ar. You cut me to the soul—what motives can I have but those of pity and humanity.

Emme. Humanity!—is it humanity to harass a mind already shatter'd and impair'd?—to encrease rather than remove the fever you have occasion'd?—to combine with enemies in cloistering me in a shameful seclusion, while false and unfeeling as you are, you *humanely* give your hand to another!—Oh my poor brain!—why did your sense return, only to make you feel encreasing injuries?

Capt. Ar. To another!—hear me Emmeline—

Emme. No sir,—'tis now too late—I shall go instantly to your father and throw myself under his protection—farewell, sir!

Capt. Ar. (holding her.) Stay—you know not what you do—by heaven you shall not leave me thus—think of our past love—

Emme.

Emme. I do sir: I remember in the hours of happiness and prosperity we exchang'd hearts, and you have now set me an example which I scorn to imitate—my heart is still your own! I shall banish this last conversation from my memory, and think of Edward, only as he was—the friend of Emmeline—the foe to those who wrong'd her—this will be my best solace in retirement, and cheer a mind that has not long to struggle.

Capt. Ar. I cannot part with you; and to prove no other for a moment can engross my thoughts, I'll henceforth watch you in your malady—weep as you weep, and nurse each smile that waits you—and if but one day in the year, returning reason should adorn your mind, I will forego all other women's charms, to pass that day with Emmeline—Oh! I have suffer'd in my turn, and were you always thus—

Emme. Why still so credulous?—why now believe?—

Capt. Ar. I do not! will not! or if you are the sufferer they describe, there is a charm about your malady so far exceeding all their boasted sense, that it enhances, doubles my affection! (*embraces her*) in losing you I knew what I had lost, and I have caus'd a wound which it shall be the business of my life to heal.

Emme. Shall we be happy then?—I am most grateful—my Guardian has deceiv'd you—he has involv'd my fortune.

Capt. Ar. This I heard, and that by marriage with his East Indian cousin, the debt was to be cancel'd—but I'll know all hereafter—at present I am lost in joy.

E

Re-enter

Re-enter VICKERY.

Vickery. Madam, the Alderman desires to see you in the next room.

Emme. What shall we do?—to separate so soon?—

Capt. Ar. 'Tis hard my Emmeline, but to secure our union, you *must* persuade your Uncle to befriend you—

Emme. I know it, and he is so bigotted to my Guardian—but since you desire it—shew me the way—*(to Vickery)*—adieu my generous friend! Should but the father imitate the son, my sufferings will be recompenc'd at last—adieu! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Fool that I was to credit what they told me; but they shall answer sorely for their guilt—here comes the fop who was to be her husband—how the empty coxcomb kisses his hand to her!—I'll humble him—I'll—

Enter TANJORE.

Tanjore. (*speaking as he enters*) Success sweet Emmeline, and if Obadiah don't take pity on you, Tom Tanjore will!—if she succeeds I'll give her such a kiss—ah Ned!—how's Fred?

Capt. Ar. Be more respectful I insist, sir.

Tanjore. Respectful!—what makes you so proud Neddy?—Oh! ho!—I see—better dress'd!—and you think that new coat and waistcoat makes you look like a gentleman!—heh?

Capt. Ar. Answer me, sir—what brings you here?

Tanjore. To see your sweetheart, Ned, and if the Princess Nuncomoree was to know that she prefer'd your tragic Scowl to my comic grin—

Capt.

Capt. Ar. Hear me, sir—I'll tell you a secret—your friend Mr. Project is a villain.

Tanjore. What's that a secret?—why I've known it these ten years.

Capt. Ar. Tell him I say it—but 'tis of no avail—I'll answer for it, he is so void of courage, that he can't persuade himself to fight any man living.

Tanjore. Now there you're wrong; for he is so void of character, that he can't persuade any man living to fight him—therefore have the goodness to tell him he's a villain, and retrieve his reputation—my friendship and his depends on the weathercock, and the moment that points westerly, up blows a breeze that oversets it for ever.

Re-enter VICKERY, crossing the stage with his hat on.

Capt. Ar. Vickery, where are you going in such haste?

Vickery. I can hardly tell sir—my master was in such agitation when he gave me his orders, and he particularly desir'd me not to inform you.

Capt. Ar. Not inform me!—speak this instant firrah.

(laying bold of him.)

Tanjore. Ay, speak this instant firrah.

(laying bold of him.)

Vickery. Then the truth is, the Alderman has lock'd up Miss Emmeline, and sent me for her Guardian, to whom she is to be deliver'd and confin'd for life—there, now you know the fact, and I take my leave. *[Exit.]*

Capt. Ar. Send for her Guardian and confine her for life!—what's to be done?—while my father is attach'd to this hypocrite, there is no way to extricate or save her.

Tanjore. Yes, there is one—you seem a fine fighting fellow—Tom Tanjore's another, and as her father once sav'd me from being confin'd, while I can cock a pistol, or brandish a cane, I won't see his daughter expos'd to a similar predicament—come along Ned—we'll trip up Obadiah and carry her off.

Capt. Ar. What! are you the friend of Emmeline?

Tanjore. Yes, and your's because you are hers—come let's have at them—what! do you shrink?

Capt. Ar. I dare not go.

Tanjore. Dare not!—now this is always the way with your fighting gentlemen—but perhaps it's constitutional, and the poor fellow's conscience is a little tender—ay, ay, some of us Nabobs have very weak nerves.

Capt. Ar. You misconceive—her Uncle is my father—he has forbid me his presence, and would you have me lift my arm against a parent.

Tanjore. No Ned: but as he is no father of mine, and Emmeline is in danger, there can be no harm in my trying trick, stratagem, or force, to protect her; therefore I'll start alone; and may I go to India or to prison—and one will of course follow the other—if I don't snatch her from Obadiah, and restore her to my dear Ned!

Cap. Ar. The attempt is hopeless; but be it as it may—I request on knowing how I can return your kindness?

Tanjore. Why, there are two ways—the first is that you patch up your quarrel with Project, in order that you may celebrate your nuptials at his house, and the next is, that as Emmeline will like you the better for resembling me, you marry her in the fellow coat to that I now wear—it's a pretty hymeneal

hymeneal colour isn't it?—so huzza!—now for the onset!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An apartment in the ALDERMAN'S house hung with pictures, a portrait of the ALDERMAN in his gown and full dressed wig—leaning on Plough—A round table—Two chairs and wine on the Table.*

The ALDERMAN discover'd asleep.

Ald. Ar. So there you are my dear niece till your guardian comes for you—(*locks the door and takes out the key.*)—I'll place the key by me and—(*puts the key on the round table and sits down*)—plague take the girl!—to wake me out of my afternoon's nap, and the sweetest agricultural dreams—however, she is now as safe as the Rats in my granary, and Edward shall marry Cecilia directly—that being settled, I'll renew my pastoral and delicious dreams!
(*dozes in his chair.*)

Enter TANJORE hastily.

Tanjore. Where is she?—I don't see her—she's in this room perhaps—(*trying to open the stage door*) the door lock'd!—ha Obadiah!—how are you Obadiah!—(*waking him*)—what still in the same dress?—damme, that waistcoat will be the ruin of you.

Ald. Ar. What the devil do you want, sir?

Tanjore. I want Emmeline, Obadiah—cousin Billy has sent me to conduct her to his house—where is she?—dispatch, and tell your servant to get a coach, for it rains as hard as it can pour.

(*rain heard here.*)

Ald. Ar. So it does!—oh!—my cabbages will grow as tall and thick as a wildderness—as to Emmeline, Mr. Tanjore, I shall deliver her to no person but her guardian himself.

Tanjore. Won't you?—then I'll give you a toast—come fill—nay, do exactly as if you were at home Obadiah—here's "success to the next harvest!"

Ald. Ar. I rise to drink that—"success to the next harvest."—Ah Mr Tanjore—if all farmers were so easily satisfied as I am—but they're always grumbling—railing at the weather—(*rain stopt*)—zounds, the rain stopt!—the cabbages will be burnt to a cinder.

Tanjore. (*aside, taking up the key.*) What's here? no doubt the key of the prison house—death!—why did I wake him?—however, if I get him off his favourite topic, he'll soon go to sleep again—come Obadiah!—one more bumper, Obadiah!—and now I'll tell you a long story.

Ald. Ar. Will you?—au—au— (*yawning.*)

Tanjore. A very long story Obadiah—in the East or West Indies, or somewhere thereabouts, there was a fine young fellow drinking wine with a grunting old Alderman—Alderman I beg pardon—I mean Bramin—well! after a glass or two the Bramin yawn'd—then doz'd—then clos'd his eyes, and at last, fell fast asleep, (*Alderman sleeps, and Tanjore rises.*) then this fine young fellow took a key off the table, and stealing to the prison door, unlock'd it, and led forth one of the loveliest—

(*as he is opening the door, Vickery enters hastily.*)

Tanjore. What's the matter, sir?

Vickery. Mr. Project is below, sir.

(*Vickery takes up the bottle and glasses and proceeds to wake the Alderman.*)

Tanjore

Tanjore. Then let him stay there—zounds!—what are you at?

Vickery. Going to wake my master, fir—there is a physician in Mr. Project's carriage, to whom Miss Emmeline is to be deliver'd, and as he is in a hurry—

Tanjore. Don't touch him—I'll wake him, or the devil, or his own conscience will wake him—begone firrah, or—*(exit Vickery with bottle and glass)*—pheugh!—what's to be done now?—if I can't get this guardian out of the house without seeing the Alderman, murder will be the consequence, for sooner than give her up, curse me if I don't shoot Billy, choak Obadiah, and poison the doctor!—pheugh!—*(walking about in agitation.)*

Project. *(without)* He's in this room is he?—very well—I shall see him—

Tanjore. See him!—no you shan't—if I can prevent their meeting at this moment, I may secure Emmeline's escape, and—how can I hide the old farmer?—I'll stand before him, and spread my coat—no—curse these short skirts—what can I devise?—Project at the door! the poor girl's fate depending on the event—I have it.—*(Turns up the round table, which completely covers the Alderman.)*—There—now he's as snug as if he was at Aldgate-Farm.

Enter PROJECT with his hat on.

Project. What cousin!—how came you here?—well!—how's the wind?

Tanjore. Southerly, Billy—by the heat southerly—don't wear your hat in the room though—*(pulls it off)*—it's like a citizen left off business—pheugh!—

Project. Why, where's the Alderman?—he has sent for me about Emmeline.

Tanjore. The Alderman's not at home—he's just gone to his farm, to sow turnips, plant potatoes, and cut cabbages—if you want him, follow him—go—go Billy.

Project. Pooh!—I dare say he's in the next room—(*Alderman snores.*)—I hear him—at the old work!—asleep and snoring.

Tanjore. No—it's not him—it's some of his live stock—

Project. Not him!—I'll swear to both the tune and the instrument, so come out Alderman—nay: stand by—I must see him—so wake and come out Alderman—(*opens stage door and leads on Emmeline*) Emmeline!—ha!—have I at last recover'd you?—come madam—without wasting time by recapitulating your past misconduct, answer me this question—will you return to your asylum or accept the hand of this gentleman?

Tanjore. Accept the hand of the gentleman to be sure—take it Emmeline and we'll go get a parson directly—there—now you can escape.

(*aside.*)

Emme. No, sir: I will no longer fly to artifice and subterfuge for safety—I have too long been passive and submissive, and my cause is not so weak but I may boldly bring it to decision—call in my uncle, and when he hears our charges face to face, then let him say who is most fit to be confin'd?—Emmeline for the errors of the head, or her Guardian for the vices of the heart!

Tanjore. Well spoken my heroine—I'll give him a volley myself presently.

Project.

Project. Call in your uncle!—he will not believe you—besides where is your evidence—who will stand up?

Tanjore. I will—I'm always ready to shew a good face in a good cause; and the cause and the face are the two best that ever came before a court—I love your ward and may I double the Cape only to get once more doubled in a jail—jail did I say?—oh ay:—that was a nickname for one of my palaces—it was a castle so surrounded with walls, bastions—in short, it was so superb, Billy, that I wish you were in it at this moment with all my heart.

Project. You love her do you?—then the business is settled at once—there—I join your hands.

Emme. No, sir; I insist my uncle may be call'd—he thinks you honest, me derang'd, and I'd convince him—(*Project smiles*)—what! is't a cause for triumph?—is malady to be derided, not lamented?—weak thoughtless man!—be thankful that your own poor reason is not lost, and pray that it may soothe, and not insult misfortune.

Project. You mistake Emmeline—I smil'd to think you could convince your uncle, when I and my wife can turn him round our fingers just as we please—hark'ye, coz—come here—nearer the table, if you take part against me at this moment, I'm ruin'd.

Tanjore. Are you? I've a great mind to twitch Obadiah and wake him. (*aside.*)

Project. The fact is, I've embezzl'd her fortune, and if you marry her there'll be no overhawling of accounts—I'll make you amends by assigning over to you the Alderman's farm.

Tanjore. Oh! that Obadiah heard this? (*Here the Alderman puts his head over the table, Tanjore nods*

in

to him: Alderman remains conceal'd.) Oh, ho!——
So, Billy, you confin'd Emmeline because you had
involv'd her fortune! (*very loudly.*)

Project. Softly—if you speak so loud the Alder-
man will hear you—it is as you say, her health is
quite restor'd, but I have so imbark'd her fortune
in my schemes—

Tanjore. Say no more, make me over Aldgate-
farm, and she shall be a Nabob's wife to morrow.
Yonder's pen and ink, we'll sign directly; and now
Billy I think I shall repay you for all your kind-
ness. (*goes up the stage.*)

Project. You will! you will! oh my dear, dear
coz! you've secur'd me my best Speculation—so,
madam, the tables are turn'd you see.

Emme. He too desert me! my firmness then
forfakes me!—my uncle still prejudiced, Edward
about to be lost for ever, what hope have I but in
my Guardian's humanity?—Oh sir! behold me
once again imploring your protection.

Tanjore. (*coming down the stage with pen, ink, and
paper.*) Here coz, let's sign—why Obadiah thinks
he has a long lease, don't he?

Project. Oh the poor clodpole!—he knows as
much about a security, as he does about a farm;
and as he is wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and
blighted cabbages, I'll kindly give you the means
of turning him out at a moment's warning: here—
now for my best Speculation! (*Pulls down the ta-
ble to write upon it. Alderman leans across the
able and stares Project full in the face. Project
pushes down the chair he was going to sit upon, and
stands aghast.*)

Ald. Ar. (*with his arms on the Table.*) Oh you
consummate scoundrel!—this is your Speculation
is it?

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Why Billy, the tables are turn'd indeed!

Project. They are—did the Alderman hear?

Ald. Ar. He did; the Alderman heard that the farm was to be let over his head, that he was wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and blighted cabbages; and what's more, the Alderman heard of this poor girl's persecution. Niece, give me your hand, henceforth, I'll be a friend, a comforter, a father to you.

Project. Cousin, I wish I was in your Indian palace.

Tanjore. Don't be afraid, you'll be there sooner than you expect.

Ald. Ar. Sir, I desire you'll quit my house directly—stop though—(*takes Project aside*)—in three hours time repay me and this lady all the money you have schem'd us out of, or—you think I don't understand farming, Mr. Project; but this I know, that when stray cattle are found eating up other people's property, they are secur'd; and the King's Bench shall be your pound, you inter-loper.

Project. Cousin, stay and try to compose him,—then follow me, and—ah!—now my only hope is a westerly wind! [*Exit.*]

Emme. Generous young man! I perceive why you took part against me—uncle you know not half his kindness.

Ald. Ar. I do though—the sly rogue cock'd his eye to me behind the table, and I suppose whisk'd it up on purpose—well! come with me to my lawyers—Oh the scheming scoundrel! he has made such dupes of us, Emmeline, that I'd give up farming to find any body that has trick'd him.—I tell

tell you what Mr. Tanjore, don't give him any of the treasures of the East.

Tanjore. No, that I won't; for so far from having the treasures of the East to give, I expect my taylor will fend me to the King's Bench every Moment:—you take the joke Obadiah, don't you?

Ald. Ar. I do! Oh the poor clodpole!—come—I'm glad you've outchem'd him.

Tanjore. So am I: and when Speculators and monopolists from sordid, selfish motives, distress their fellow creatures, and bring odium on their country, may they be caught in their own snare, and, like Project, have the tables turn'd upon them!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE—*An elegant Room in the King's Bench.*

Enter PROJECT, and PROMPTLY.

Project. Ay, ay : this room will do very well for the little time I shall stay : get it ready, and in the mean time I'll return and finish my conversation with Sir George. Why, you have very good company here, in the King's Bench. Oh ! I beg pardon—College, I think you call it.

Prom. Yes, College is the polite name for Prison, sir : pray, won't you pull off your boots ?

Project. No, as I shall soon get my discharge, I remain booted and spur'd ready to ride away, you see—though sir George has been telling me, that a fox-hunter, who has been a prisoner here these ten years, has been so sure of getting out every moment, that he has been booted and spur'd the whole time : however, I've written to my cousin Tanjore, told him the alderman has arrested me : and there's no doubt but he'll come instantly and pay the debt—so get the room ready.

Prom. Yes, sir : but about the chum.

Project. The chum !—what's that ?

Prom. Your companion, sir : every room in the King's Bench has two tenants ; and unless you buy the other gentleman——

Project. (*giving him money*) There then, I buy the other gentleman : there's for the chum ; and now, when Mr. Tanjore comes, call me—(*looks round*)

round the room.) um! hah! handsome room, good furniture; and if all fails, perhaps this is as good a place for Speculation as any other. *(Exit.*

Enter MEANWELL, shewing in TANJORE.

Mean. Nay, look up, fir: Mr. Promptly, here's a prisoner just arriv'd, who is so melancholy, that I've brought him to your gay apartments to raise his spirits: were you never in jail before, fir.

Tan. Yes: in India, fir—heigho!

Prom. Come, look around you, and be cheerful: why, what are you? and who arrested you?

Tan. I'm a Nabob, and my taylor arrested me for thirty pounds, *(looks up)* heh! how? egad! this is not like the Indian palace: pray, fir, inform me; are all the rooms like this?

Mean. No: I wish they were: mine is a wretched one; but having been all my life at sea, I know nothing about the town: the last tenant of this room was a Blackleg.

Prom. And the present one is a Swindler, I fancy, for he came here in a coach and four.

Tan. Came to jail in a coach and four! ah! I see how it is: 'tis here as elsewhere—the fraudulent debtor rolls in luxury: the unfortunate one starves; and while a gallant seaman is in one room freezing without fire or food, a dashing money-lender is in the next, quaffing champagne, and drinking “confusion to his creditors!”—but no matter: they hang themselves, or the law hangs them; for the Devil will have his own.

Prom. Ay, ay, we have but three or four of them.

Tan. So much the better: but as I shall certainly be out in a few minutes——what do you smile at?

at? I've sent to my cousin Project; and I'm sure he won't suffer me to be confin'd for the paltry sum of thirty pounds—no, no: my getting out is a certainty; and as I wish to see this coach and four gentleman, before I go, I'll, with your leave, sit down here till he comes.

Prom. With all my heart: I'm glad we leave you in better spirits. *[Exit with Meanwell.]*

Tan. (solus) Being alone, I get nervous again: this now, is the end of dissipation! of losing large sums at Bubble's club, and wasting others on houses, horses, carriages—and where was the gratification? when I us'd to dash through the streets in my phaeton, every body was envying, sneering—nobody seem'd pleas'd: nobody! yes? hang it, the bailiffs us'd to smile: they us'd to think it a fine sight; and nod and wink, as much as to say—“Ah, Master! those horses heads will be turn'd tow'ards our lock-up houses at last:” oh! I hope Billy won't forsake me!

Re-enter PROJECT. (Tanjore is sitting with his back to him.)

Project. I'm quite uneasy at Tanjore's not coming: what are a few thousands to a man of his fortune—*(sits down with his back turn'd to Tanjore.)* I hope he won't desert me:—heigho!

Tan. Heigho!

Project. This is the chum, I suppose: he don't know I've bought him. *[aside.]*

Tan. Here's the Swindler, I imagine: he seems as miserable as myself: I'll condole with him—*(aside.)* Pray, sir, what first induc'd you to keep a coach and four?

Project. Zounds! what's that to you, sir: I have

have bought you, and—(*here they both look round, and meet face to face*) what do I see? my dear, dear cousin!

Tan. Is't possible? oh, my kind, kind Billy!—(*they embrace, and then rise.*)

Project. I thought he wouldn't forsake me at this moment.

Tan. I said, I should be out to a certainty.

Project. Well, here we are, coz.

Tan. Yes, here we are, coz.

Project. I knew I should have the pleasure of seeing you here to day.

Tan. Did you? it was a pleasure I didn't know of myself: but I shan't stay now: the sooner we go out the better, I say; come along, Billy.

Project. Ay, come along, Nabob—(*they go to the stage door, and stop.*) have you paid the debt costs though?

Tan. No, but you have, and that's the same thing you know: come—

Project. Come—you forget, coz: how can a man, that's in limbo, as they call it, come and—

Tan. What!

Project. How can I, that am a prisoner in the College here?

Tan. Are you a prisoner?

Project. To be sure I am: I'm not like you: I can't walk in and out.

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What's the matter with you?

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What the devil do you laugh at? why don't you go and discharge the debt?

Tan. I can't, I can't: (*still laughing.*) because I'm in limbo too! I'm a prisoner myself: so give me your hand—here we are to a certainty!—lord!
it's

it's nothing when you're us'd to it; and if you'd been in an Indian College as long as I was—zounds! what have I said?

Project. How's that? what did you say? imprison'd in India!

Tan. Well: it's in vain to conceal it: the truth must come out at last, so the fact is, cousin, the ships are arriv'd: they have brought over the rich Mr. Tanjore, with bullion, pearls and diamonds; but I'm sorry to say, in their hurry, they left all my treasure behind.

Project. Then curse me, if one of my speculations have succeeded: I'll give up scheming: I'll—answer me, sir: how dare you waste a gentleman's fortune, when you knew you could never repay him?

Tan. And how came you to waste a lady's fortune, when you knew you could never repay her?

Project. But you talked of your riches, sir: said my house could never hold them.

Tan. Well; and havn't I kept my word? look-ye, sir: when I left this country, ruin'd by you and the club; you refus'd even to shake hands with me at parting: I'm indebted to you for your hospitality, and for that, I thank you—down to the very ground; you made me welcome in your apartments: I beg you'll be at no ceremony in mine: sit down, Billy.

Project. If I could only get free and leave him—What do I see? the Alderman! no doubt, his regard for my wife has induced him to come and settle my affairs.—(*Enter Alderman ARABLE.*)—Ah, my old generous friend, I thought you'd forgive me; I knew you'd procure a discharge.

Ald. Ar. You thought right; I have procured the discharge.

F

Tan.

Tan. Why, Obadiah, are you too in limbo? What the devil brings you here?—(*looks at his dress*)—Ah! ah! didn't I say, that waistcoat would be the ruin of you?

Project. Mr. Nabob, I leave you to the misery you deserve, never mind though, while you stay in the college here, you needn't pay your debts, and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, so good bye, chum.

Tan. What have you brought his discharge, Obadiah, and—

Ald. Ar. No, but I've brought yours, here it is, my boy; I heard you were pounded, and I came as eagerly to get you out, as if you'd been part of my own live stock; come along though, I want you to go directly and find my son Jack; he's either at his own chambers or Bubble's club; you must find him and tell him I want Emmeline's marriage settlement drawn directly.

Tan. Emmeline's marriage-settlement! with whom, sir?

Ald. Ar. Hark ye, come here—(*takes TANJORE aside*)—Lady Project has at last consented to an assignation; her passion for the pastoral virtues of her sweet shepherd, as she calls me, has induced her to meet me *tête a tête* in her dressing-room; now, in an hour's time—Oh! I knew my person and the Nova Scotia mutton would make an impression at last! therefore, at her intercession (*turning to P.*) I've determin'd that Emmeline shall marry her old suitor, Sir Frederick; he was her father's choice, and as Edward has offended me, he shall be mine.

Project. Say you so? then I've an iron in the fire yet.

[*aside.*

Tan.

Tan. What are you at, Obadiah? Lady Stingy will make as great a dupe of you as her husband has; she is a woman of design, one of those half-and-half ladies whose reputation depends on keeping open house; and entertainment, or no entertainment, makes or mars her reputation—don't you remember her fainting in my arms?

Ald. Ar. I do, but her grandmother was close at hand; yes, I am the idol of her heart, and she is to receive me in her dressing-room, that sacred temple that not even her husband ever entered. Good day, Mr. Project; I've already quitted Aldgate farm, and taken a snug profitable one near Islington, where you'll always be welcome to—the rotten sheep and blighted cabbages—come, Nabob.

Tan. We'll talk further about this Lady Project——Chum, good bye! while you stay in the College you needn't pay your debts you know, and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, particularly when the wind is high and westerly! hem! come along, Obadiah!

[Exit with Alderman.

Project. (*rubbing his hands.*) Bravo! if Sir Frederick marries Emmeline, he takes her with the fortune in its entangled state, and consequently I shall be discharged—(*Enter a Servant who gives him a letter*)—from my wife!—*Reads:*

“ My dear Husband,

“ I've only time to say, that if you hear of
“ an assignation between me and the Alderman,
“ be convinc'd it is to secure the marriage be-

“ tween Emmeline and Sir Frederick, and thus
 “ restore you to your

affectionate wife,

KATHARINE PROJECT.

Kind wife and kind Sir Frederick ! I'll go and communicate the good news to Sir George ——— Oh ! this is a safe speculation ! and not like the Indian one—fool ! blockhead that I was, to take that broken-down prodigal, for the rich Mr. Tanjore, however, this is a different scheme—yes, yes, it depends on my wife's prudence, and Heaven be praised, not on ships, water, Nabobs, or westerly winds ! [Exit.

SCENE.——BUBBLE'S Club. *A Flat with two Doors.*

Enter from one Door JACK ARABLE and a Servant.

Jack. Curse my bad luck, or rather curse my bad management, to be at Epsom only ten minutes and lose all the Spanish ; I thought to make an excellent hedge, when plague on't, I found I had betted the long odds both ways ; then to borrow thirty of the man at the coffee-house and take a dash here at Bubble's, to lose that too, and then be bothered by one's clerk about law business. Well, sir, what——

Serv. The special Pleader has sent you these declarations, sir.

Jack Ar. Why, is it term time ?

Serv. Term began four days ago, sir.

Jack Ar. And I on a race ground the whole time ! come, that's fair, very fair. (*sits.*) I don't think

think my education so finished as I thought, for if it was I never could be so ignorant, as to bet the long odds both ways; I wonder who wins? for when I complain of my losses, every body else says they have lost too; hang me! if ever I saw a man that had won in my life.

Enter TANJORE. (from the other door.)

Tan. Done it at last! huzza! here's retribution, Jack, retribution!

Jack Ar. Why, what is this? Who are you, sir?

Tan. The luckiest dog in Europe, Jack. Your father Obadiah sent me to look after you here at Bubble's, and not seeing you I put my hand in my pocket where I found five guineas my sister had lent me, "I'll have a touch," says I, "this Faro Bank dished me formerly, now I'll try to dish them"—down went the five guineas on your namesake the knave of clubs, Jack, the knave in my favour! I cock't it—once more in my favour!—cock'd it again, till it had won so often, that I thought the ships were arrived, and I was a Nabob in reality.

Jack Ar. And what's all this to me? what do I care for your luck?

Tan. (*Putting Rouleaus, Guineas and Bank notes on the table.*) Here they are; look, you rogue, look! how I feel for the poor devils that lost them! I always pity the unlucky ones, don't you, Jack?

Jack Ar. Zounds, sir, I am an unlucky one; that was my Pouey and that was my Bank note.

Tan. Was it? then take it again and go and put it on the knave; I'm serious, Jack, take it, and

— by the Ganges ! that's a neat Nisi Prius dress ;
What ! you prefer a scarlet coat to a black one ?

Jack Ar. Ay, and cards to briefs ; so give me
the Spanish and let me be off.

Enter Captain ARABLE, hastily.

Capt. Ar. Stay, and grant a brother's last request, nay, I must and will be heard ; by my father's orders, are you not going to draw a settlement between Emmeline and Sir Frederick ?

Jack Ar. Me going to draw a settlement !---No, I'm going to cock the knave ; and as to father, he can't blame me, because he once play'd himself, you know. I'll tell you how it was, sir ; (*to TANJORE.*) he was sent for, as magistrate, to put down a hazard table---in he came with the constables---push'd down the groom porter---seiz'd the caster---laid hold of the dice-box, when lo ! as if there was magic in the wood, he cast his eyes at the guineas on the table, and avarice so compleatly got the better of justice, that he hallowed out, "seven's the main---at all in the ring, my jolly boys."

Tan. Well ! and they cheated him, gave him loaded dice.

Jack Ar. No, that wasn't worth while ; they saw what a flat he was, so picked his pocket at once ! famous, heh ? adieu, brother ; farewell, benefactor ! here's the Spanish once more !

[*Exit looking at the Bank note.*]

Tan. (*To Captain.*) Don't stop him, Ned ; let him go, I say ; if he's out of the way, the settlement can't be drawn ; I gave him the money on purpose.—

Capt. Ar. This is but temporary consolation, while the Alderman's absurd vanity attaches him

to Lady Project, there is no hope of saving Emmeline; and to lose her after all the conflicts we have suffered! to see her given to another, at the moment when I thought her mine for ever; then perhaps to see her mind but late restored, again involved — by Heaven! that thought will madden mine.

Tan. So it ought, if you will talk of your own sufferings and forget her's, poor girl! did you tell her?

Capt. Ar. I did, and when she heard she was to wed Sir Frederick, there was a wild emotion in her countenance portending that her fever would return—she said, “they’d rob her of all hope, and once more steal her senses; yet they should not, I would not let them, would I?” then with a sigh she left me; Oh, my friend! I am not used to sink beneath misfortune, but this last scene has quite unman’d me.

Tan. More shame for you, it only animates me, misfortunes always rouse me, and if ever you should be in prison at Madras, the gaolers there will tell you so. I’ve already exposed the husband; now I’ll try to manage the wife; she loves money; here’s plenty, so I’ll go directly and bribe her.

Capt. Ar. That will be hopeless, nothing but exciting the Alderman’s jealousy.

Tan. I’ll try that too, Obadiah half suspects me at present, so wait for your brother and come together to Lady Project’s, and by the time you arrive if all isn’t to your wishes, may the monsoon deluge me! may Tippoo torture me! may the marattha’s — but this is no time for fine speeches — follow me to Lady Project’s—(*going, returns.*) and d’ye hear, Ned, bring your wedding coat along with you, for damme, but you shall be Emmeline’s husband this very night!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE

SCENE—*Lady PROJECT's dressing room.*

Enter Lady PROJECT with a paper in her hand, follow'd by a servant.

Lady Pro. When the Alderman comes, shew him up stairs. (*exit servant.*) I have honour'd him with this tête à tête in my dressing room, to secure the marriage; and he sha'n't leave the room, till he signs this agreement; which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds to give Emmeline to Sir Frederick. Thus by œconomy——

Serv. (without.) Sir, you mustn't pass.—This is my lady's dressing room.

Tanjore. (without.) I tell you, I will come up. Stand by, firrah. (*Tanjore enters.*) So Kitty! here's the Nabob.

Lady Pro. Heavens! Where do you come from, sir?

Tanjore. From the college, coz; where I left Billy so certain of getting out, that he was ready booted and spur'd.

Lady Pro. Sir, I insist you leave the room—I'm engag'd—besides I should be sorry to use hard words; but your conduct has been so little short of that of a swindler——

Tanjore. Coz, why so? though I didn't get money in India, Iv'e got it in England—look here!

[*Shewing bank notes.*]

Lady Pro. Hundreds I declare! Who gave you these notes? Some swindling knave, I suppose.

Tanjore. It was a knave, but not a swindling one, upon my honour. Look here, and here! enough to give ten wedding dinners, and buy all the shawls, china, and chintzes in Europe.—Don't the sight charm you?

Lady

Lady Pro. It does ; and when a man has money, it don't signify whether he got it in India or England. My dear cousin, my house and table were always open to you ; and if I knew how to oblige you——

Tanjore. There is a way Kitty—as you still govern the Alderman, persuade him to let Edward marry Emmeline—do, and half these are yours. (*Putting rouleaus in her hand.*) There,—and I wish from my soul that all who have luck at the gaming table, may dispose of their winnings in so benevolent a manner.

Lady Pro. Impossible!—The only mode of settling my husband's affairs, is by Sir Frederick's marrying Emmeline ; and therefore as my pride will not suffer him to remain in prison, and the living there is too expensive, I shall make the Alderman sign this agreement which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds——

Tanjore. Make him sign this agreement—make him renew Emmeline's malady—break his son's heart—separate—curse it ! what's the use of winning, when money will not purchase even momentary gratification ? Now do Kitty : there's a dear, liberal, generous girl. Think how they love each other : think—here are more rouleaus, here——

[*A knocking at the door.*

Lady Pro. Bless me ! if this should be the Alderman ? (*looks out.*) it is ! come to keep an assignation and find another man in my dressing room ! Go, sir, get out of the way directly—step into the next room—hide yourself——

Tanjore. I say, Kitty ; don't you remember when Obadiah caught you fainting in my arms ?

Lady Pro. I do : and that's an additional motive for concealing yourself.—Now pray retire. (*Tanjore nods*)

nods assent.) Thanks, my kind cousin. (*Tanjore pauses.*) Why, what's the matter with you? What makes you put your hand to your head? Are you ill?—

Tanjore. Softly: it's my old complaint—a giddiness—a vertigo—I'm going—hold me or I shall tumble—Oh, I'm sick, I'm—

Lady PROJECT holds out her arm to support him.

TANJORE rests himself upon it, and the Alderman enters.

Ald. Ar. Where is my life, my love?—Hol-loa! what the devil's all this?

Tanjore. Only the tables turn'd again, you see, Obadiah, you see. (*Comes away from Lady.*) Cousin, I'm better.

Ald. Ar. Why, where's her grandmother? Oh! this is beyond her husband's speculation!

Tanjore. (*aside to Ald.*) If you want further proof, look at those rouleaus which she took as a bribe: then read that agreement: then—

Ald. Ar. My eyes are open'd. I was partly convinc'd before I came; but now, I give all my love to the wind—pheugh!---there, it's gone! and the Alderman's himself again! (*Enter a servant.*) Step over the way to Sir Frederick's, and tell him to come here directly, and bring Emmeline and Cecilia along with him. (*Servant exit.*) I left them there in company with the real Nabob, the rich Mr. Tanjore, who seems as fond of your sister as I am of my new farm; and takes as much notice of her person, as you have done of my waistcoat.---It's a match, isn't it?

Tanjore. I hope so. It's an old attachment. He's a worthy fellow, and next to being a Nabob myself, I should like to be brother to one.

Enter Sir FREDERICK, EMMELINE, and CECILIA.

Lady Pro. Ay; now Alderman you can give Emmeline to her husband.

Ald. Ar. So I can, and so I will. Emmeline, give me your hand—nay, don't think to avoid me. I insist you marry the man I have in my eye.

Sir. Fred. (*advancing to take EMMELINE'S hand.*) Alderman, you are all kindness.

Emme. Let me entreat you, sir, hear me—

Ald. Ar. I'll hear nobody. I wouldn't hear the Board of Agriculture if they were going to adjudge me a prize. I tell you, take the man I chuse for your husband. (*Enter Captain and Jack ARABLE.*) there; (*giving EMMELINE to EDWARD.*) now don't interrupt me, for the clouds are chuck full of water, and there's been lately so much bad weather, that sunshine will be welcome to us all.

Tanjore. Emmeline, I give you joy. Ned, your hand. Fred, yours. Obadiah, I shall like you and your waistcoat as long as I live. Kitty, yours. And now let me advise you to order your coach and four. Drive to the college and try to raise the wind—a westerly one if possible.

Lady Pro. Come, Sir Frederick; I believe we'd better retire: only I beg leave to observe, that if any body defames my character, I shall prosecute them notwithstanding the expences of the law. I'll have my reputation justified if it costs me five pounds. Come, sir.

Tanjore. Ay; that's about the value of it. Go, Fred. go.—Go. (*Lady and Sir FREDERICK exeunt.*) I say, Kitty, my love to your grandmother.

Ald. Ar. Edward, forget and forgive my boy. Though Project has hurt Emmeline's fortune, there's enough left, to make you live happy—if not,
take

take a landed estate near mine, and I'll shew you how to make a fortune by farming, you rogue.

Jack. (to Tanjore.) Yes; I cock'd the knave, but all the Spanish—hang it! I'm half tir'd of gaming, and if I won ten thousand a year, I don't think I could tell how to spend it?

Tanjore. Couldn't you? then take a wife, Jack, and she'll tell you how to spend it—enter into the school of matrimony, Mr. Batchelor of Arts, and there finish your education.—Cecily here, has set you an example: haven't you——

Cecilia. I have from two motives: first because Mr. Henry Tanjore has long won my affections, and secondly because he means to give affluence to his namesake. My dear brother, you may now return to India and live in a palace in reality; for a third of my husband's rupees and pagodas are at your disposal.

Jack Ar. Are they? that's fair, very fair.

Emme. (to Tanjore.) And is there none to share your treasures?—is there no fair one worthy a heart so warm and so benevolent.

Tanjore. (shaking his head.) Hereafter perhaps it may find one like Emmeline's.—Till then, I shall pursue a plan, which had Project follow'd, he had now been happy—that is, not to waste a fortune in dissipation, and try to retrieve it, by false and unjust Speculation.

If we must scheme let us try Projects here.
When they have merit, where's our cause for fear?
If they have not good humour props our cause;
So make us Nabobs, by your kind applause,

4 AP 54

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

THE Drama done, proceed we now to say
Something about, or not about the play ;
Fine subject ours—rare times ! when Speculation
Engrosses every subject in the nation ;
To help the State,—Jews, Gentiles, all are willing,
And for the Omnium, venture their last shilling ;
Nay, some subscribe their thousands to the Loan,
Without a single fixpence of their own :

Be that their Speculation—I profess,
To speculate on one thing only—Dress ;
Shew me your garments, Gents, and Ladies fair ;
I'll tell you whence you come, and who you are——
But sportsman like, to hit the game, I'll try,
Charge, prime ; present my glass, and cock my eye,
What a fine Harvest this glad Season yields !
Some Ladies' heads appear like stubble fields ;
Who now of threaten'd famine, dare complain ?
When every female forehead teems with Grain ;—
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes !
Our Barns are now transferr'd to Drawing-rooms ;
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their Granaries, may thrash their wives ;
Nor wives alone prolific, notice draw,
Old Maids, and young ones, all are in the straw.—
That damsel wrapt in shawls, who looks so blue,
Is a return from India—things wont do——

The

EPILOGUE.

The market's up—she couldn't change her name ;
No rich Ram-Rowws, or Wang jang Wappers came ;
Bad Speculation, Bet, so far to roam ;
Black legs go out, and Jail birds now come home—

You stripling there—all trowfers, and cravat,
No body, and no chin—is call'd a Flat ;
And he beside him, with a square cut frock,
Button'd before, behind a square cut dock ;
Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loser,
Either a man of fashion, or a bruiser :
A man of fashion ! nothing but a quiz—
I'll shew you what a man of breeding is :
With back to fire, slouch'd hat, and knowing slang,
He charms his mistress by this sweet harangue ;
“ Well, pretty, lovely Lucy ! how d'ye do ?
“ Come, see my puppy ! ” “ No, Harry, to see you.”
“ You're vastly welcome, you shall see my stud,
“ And ride my poney,”—“ *Harry, you're too good.*”
“ Zounds ! how it freezes ! Fly was Sancho's fire—
“ Miss, can you see ? ”—“ I'd like to see the fire.”
That's your politeness—that's your flaming lover ;
The fair may chill—but he'll be warm all over.

We're an odd medley, we must all confess—
Strange in our manners, stranger in our dress :
Whim is the word—droll pantomimic age !
With true tip-tops of taste, Grotesque's the Rage !
Beaux in long sleeves, and small cloaths, close confin'd,
Belles hunch'd before, and bundled up behind ;
The flights of fashion bordering on buffoon, AP 54
One looks like Punch, the other Pantaloon :
But hold—my raillery makes some look gruff—
So I'll steal off—I think I've said enough.

